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SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1957.

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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Hungary's Future

THE report which came out of Budapest yesterday to the effect that within the next few weeks a coalition government may be formed holds out the hope of a new political future for the people of Hungary. But that prospect must be treated with caution.

Several inferences can be drawn from the developments said to be in the offing. One is that the Russians are gradually withdrawing their troops from the country, for, unless and until that is done, none of the non-Communist parties in Hungary will lend themselves to legislative or administrative coalition; and equally certain it is that the Hungarian workers will refuse even to recognise the validity of a new government until all signs of Russian military control have been removed.

Another condition for participation in the government by non-Communists which can be reasonably anticipated is that Janos Kadar, the Soviet puppet, surrenders his position as Premier and makes way for a nominee approved by the workers. The Hungarian people will demand this and the parties of the Social Democrats, the Peasants and the Smallholders will have to support the demand.

It is clear that Kadar is in an impossible position. With the aid of Russian forces he has suppressed the fighting, but he has dismally failed to stop the rebellion. His is a government in name only; a government whose edicts are openly disobeyed and whose efforts to restore the economy of the country to some sort of normalcy are persistently frustrated by the workers and the peasants.

Nevertheless, whatever concessions the Kadar regime is prepared to make to the people, there is no chance of the country being freed from the yoke of Communism. Parliament's role in the conduct of national affairs may ostensibly be "liberalised," but Parliament is not going to be permitted to replace Communism with Democracy. Its duty will be to "ensure the maintenance of Socialist legality," i.e., rule by the Party. The most likely outcome is a "liberalising" similar to that permitted Poland. Even that small gain, however, must be marked as a substantial victory for the people of Hungary.

Incidents In Poland: Students Purge In Bulgaria.

RUSSIAN TROOPS INSULTED

Warsaw, Jan. 4.

An official Polish government report published here today said that hooligans and openly hostile elements have recently tried to disturb relations between the Polish population and Soviet troops which are temporarily stationed in Poland.

The report said that "cases of insulting treatment" of Soviet citizens had been reported, and even of brutal conduct towards members of the families of Soviet personnel.

"Such provocations are harmful to the reputation of our country and cause irreparable damage to friendly relations," said the Polish Government agency, which is attached to the command of the Soviet troops in Poland. This agency governs relations between Poland and the Soviet troops stationed on Polish territory.

The report was published in the two Polish dailies, Trybuna Ludu, central organ of the United Workers (Communist) Party and Zycie Warszawy.

The report contained the first public mention which has been made of the special government agency. The report, a long one, dealt in general with the present state of relations between Poland and the Soviet troops.—France-Press.

UNREST IN BULGARIA

Vienna, Jan. 4.

Mass purge of Bulgarian students is taking place in Sofia according to an issue of the Polish youth newspaper Sztandar Mlodych which reached Vienna today.

The newspaper's Sofia correspondent also said that unrest among Bulgaria's population was growing steadily.

Communist party officials had recently received letters threatening them with death.

More than 70 students had been expelled, not only from their universities, but also from the Bulgarian youth organisation for their "anti-proletarian attitude" and "hostile remarks against the Communist system," official reports said.

Fifteen Bulgarian students had been expelled from the veterinary faculty because they had made "hostile remarks about the Hungarian events in private conversations."

The correspondent said the Bulgarian authorities were working out a list of at least 250 "unreliable" students who would be purged shortly.—Reuter.

Nagy Believed Out Of Rumania

Budapest, Jan. 4.

Nagy, deposed Hungarian Prime Minister, is believed to have left Rumania where he was exiled after the Hungarian rising and may now be in the Soviet Union, usually well-informed sources said here today.

One theory is that Nagy, "national" Communist ousted from power by Hungary's present Soviet-backed Premier Janos Kadar is at present in the C-ineca, the sources said.

But there was no official confirmation for this report. The sources said friends and relatives in Budapest had received letters from many of a group of more than 40 companions of Nagy who were taken to Rumania with him after they left the sanctuary of the Yugoslav embassy here on November 22. But no word had been received from Nagy lately and there was no official word of his whereabouts.

The sources said it appeared from the letters that fellow-puritans in the group exiled with Nagy were separated and living in different towns in Rumania. Only a number of journalists in the party remained together.

It was thought that Nagy was taken first to Sinola, a mountain resort about 30 miles from Bucharest, the Rumanian capital, but was no longer there, the sources said.

The trade union newspaper Nepszavato today called for an investigation of members of Parliament whose "conduct before or after October 23, did not comply with the interests of the people."

The newspaper said "it remains an open question whether all present deputies are fit to remain members of the National Assembly until the expiry of their mandates (in May)."—China Mail Special.

Seeks Asylum

Ankara, Jan. 4.

Anton Minonow, a professor at the University of Sofia, today requested asylum in Turkey. He disclosed that three other Bulgarians, Members of Parliament, Allotow, Nikolov and Blisko, had been killed by Bulgarian frontier guards as they tried to cross into Turkey.

Minonow said the situation in Bulgaria was "tragic." He said the people there suffered a great deal and were subjected to all sorts of pressure. Minonow said that he, his wife and his children were all deported to the Soviet Union, because of their anti-Soviet beliefs, when Soviet troops arrived in Bulgaria.

He spent six years in the Ukraine and did not know the fate of his family. When he was allowed to return to his own country, he taught Turkish philology in the university at Sofia.—France-Press.

MALAYA AWARD

London, Jan. 4.

The award of the Military Cross to Lieut. Ernest Malcolm Clive Douglas Taylor, the Royal Lincolnshire Regiment, for "gallant and distinguished services in Malaya" was announced in tonight's London Gazette.—France-Press.

Dragnet Out For IRA Outlaws

Belfast, Jan. 4. Nearly 500 armed police and troops, today carried out the biggest operation yet in Northern Ireland to track down members of the outlawed Irish Republican Army.

Near Rosstrevor, a picturesque little seaside resort nestling at the foot of the famous mountains of Mourne, they found a dump of small arms, loaded weapons, ammunition, explosives and detonators. They then began a house-to-house check of the area for members of the IRA.

pledged to end the partition of Ireland. The hunt started at dawn following the arrest near Rosstrevor of a seven-man IRA "flying squad" and the discovery of arms and ammunition in a deserted farmhouse.

Police and troops on both sides of the border with the Irish republic also continued to search for about 20 gunmen thought to be still at large after a raid on Tuesday night on Brookborough police station in Northern Ireland.—Reuter.

Kidnapped Actress Telephones Newsmen

Los Angeles, Jan. 4.

Police said today that actress Marie "The Body" McDonald telephoned a film columnist early this morning to say she was being held captive by two young men.

Police Lieutenant Eric Johnston told reporters that Miss McDonald called columnist Harrison Carroll at 4:35 a.m. and said two young men, a Mexican and a Negro, came to her door and took her out of the house. "They wanted my ring and money," Miss McDonald was quoted as saying. "They gave me a shot of something. We're in a home now and they're in the other room."

KNOW HER VOICE

Lieut. Johnston said that Mr. Carroll knew the actress' voice and that it sounded like her. When Mr. Carroll attempted to question her, she said she could not say any more.

"We have broadcast an all-points bulletin of the kidnapping," Lieut. Johnston said. Blondie Miss McDonald, inactive professionally in recent years because of poor health, vanished from her home here without disturbing her three children, a nurse, a maid, a chauffeur or her Boxer dog. Telephone calls to Miss McDonald's mother and her multimillionaire ex-husband, Mr. Harry Karl, and a note in her mail box said actress was being held. They warned against calling the police.

NERVOUS CALLER

First word of the disappearance came from Miss McDonald's mother, Mrs. Marie Tuboni, who said she received a telephone call at her home at 12:45 a.m.

Mrs. Tuboni said "a male, nervous voice" told her: "We have Marie. No harm will come to her if the police are not notified." The mother called the police and went to her daughter's home. She said the front door was open, lights were on in Miss McDonald's bedroom, the children and servants were sleeping.—Reuter.

Confidence Vote

Damascus, Jan. 5.

Premier Sabri, Assad's new Cabinet tonight won a vote of confidence, with 69 votes for, four against and 49 abstentions.—United Press.

CANAL CLEAR BY MAY

United Nations, Jan. 4.

Andrew Cordier, Director of the Office of the Secretary-General, said today that the Suez Canal would be cleared to its normal depth by next May. Cordier, who returned recently from a trip to Egypt, said the canal would be cleared to a depth of 25 feet by the beginning of March.

He said there was every reason to be satisfied with the way the work of clearing the canal had been begun.

Cordier said he had found Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser, very desirous to see the canal cleared. An agreement initiated by Egypt and Secretary-General, Dag Hammarskjold, during the latter's visit to Cairo, would be signed as soon as the last of the agreement reached New York. Cordier said that two top assistants to Hammarskjold, specialising in Middle East questions, would leave on Saturday for a long stay in Egypt.—France-Press.

Trouble Embraces All Sumatra

Djakarta, Jan. 4.

The whole island of Sumatra was troubled by uncertainty and tension today, reports reaching Djakarta indicated. An Army spokesman announced that the state of war and siege which is now effective in South Sumatra and parts of North Sumatra, would gradually be extended to other regions.

In the Tapanuli district of North Sumatra, Indonesian air force planes dropped leaflets calling upon rebellious territorial commander, Colonel Maludin Simbolon, who is believed to be in the area, to report to the military authorities in Djakarta.

Reds Arming

It was reported that President Sukarno would announce his plan for settling the army crisis when Simbolon complies with the order.

Meanwhile, the Moslem paper Abadi at Medan, capital of North Sumatra, said the Communist Party was arming and training estate workers in the area. The paper said that at least four armed groups were engaged in a struggle for power after the deposing of Simbolon by Lieutenant Colonel Djamli Ginting, who was acting on orders from the central government. The situation remained "critical and full of danger," the paper said. Central Sumatra seemed to be firmly under the control of the Military Council led by

Best Tips For Today's Valley Races

By "Rapier"

RACE 1

Hawthorn Moon
Atomic Caster
King Rider

Outsider:—Straight Flush.

RACE 2

Flying Dutchman
Hammer Mill
Empire Delight

Outsider:—French Bean.

RACE 3

Our Pride
Free Success
Waglan

Outsider:—Dutch Courage.

RACE 4

Precious Gem
How Do I Know
Violet Ray

Outsider:—Fung Chai.

RACE 5

Tell Me To-night
Eudora
Burning Arrow

Outsider:—Easy Win.

RACE 6

Thousand Miles
Bashful Beauty II
Holzapoppin

Outsider:—Star-Glo.

RACE 7

Outsider
Winning Touch
Bayshore

Outsider:—Fox Hunter.

RACE 8

L'arc Triomphe
Diana
Beautiful Lie

Outsider:—Fighting Spirit.

By "The Turf"

RACE 1

Fel Chai
Pot O' Gold
Invincible

Outsider:—Straight Flush.

RACE 2

Flying Dutchman
Hammer Mill
French Bean

Outsider:—Rebel II.

RACE 3

Free Success
Carola
Waglan

Outsider:—Our Pride.

RACE 4

Violet Ray
How Do I Know
Precious Gem

Outsider:—Lawrence.

RACE 5

Butting Arrow
American Carrot
Easy Win

Outsider:—Cordon Rouge.

RACE 6

Bashful Beauty II
Thousand Miles
Full Ahead

Outsider:—Star-Glo.

RACE 7

Bayshore
Outsider
Gladia

Outsider:—Fox Hunter.

RACE 8

Kelpie
Pandora
Fighting Spirit

Outsider:—Beat That.

TODAY'S TEASER TIP

for the 5th race

Try putting a leg over the correct way.

The teaser tip for the last meeting was Cover, Girl which won and paid \$13.20.

Curfew Imposed In Penang

Penang, Jan. 4.

A curfew was imposed tonight on the eastern and western suburbs of Penang as clashes between Chinese and Malays were reported for the third day running.

The curfew will last from 11 p.m. until 6 a.m. local time. Four more people were reported to have been injured today in the Georgetown area of the island, bringing the casualty toll since the first inter-racial clash on Wednesday to one dead and 22 injured. An official spokesman today described the situation as "still grave."

Armed police patrolled the streets of the affected areas and rounded up several suspects, found carrying knives.

Prominent communal leaders also went round the city in loud-speaker vans, calling upon the people to keep calm and try to prevent the racial conflict from spreading.—France-Press.

London, Jan. 4.

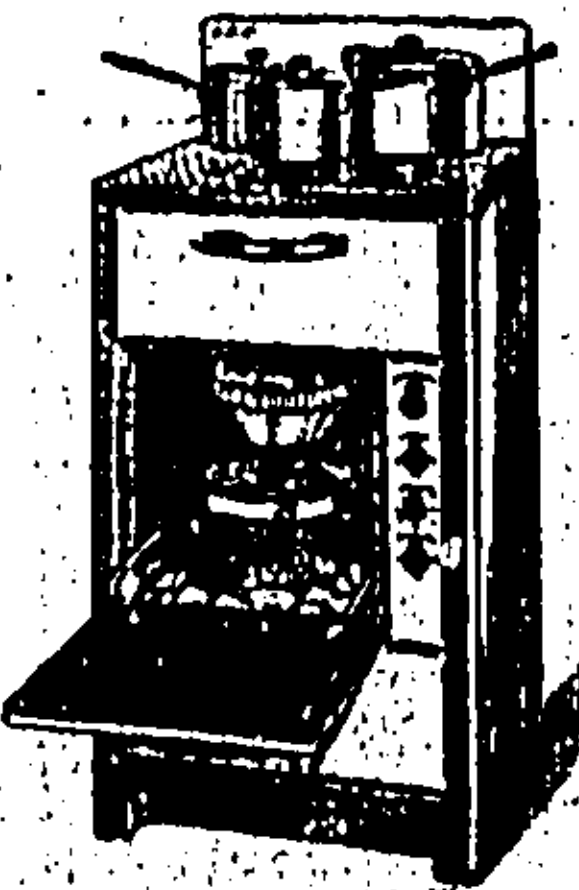
The Briggs Motor Body Company of Dagenham, Essex, today handed dismissal notices to some 1,000 workers in Britain's mounting automobile crisis. The Dagenham factories build Ford car bodies.—France-Press.



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...for every First Class Passenger.

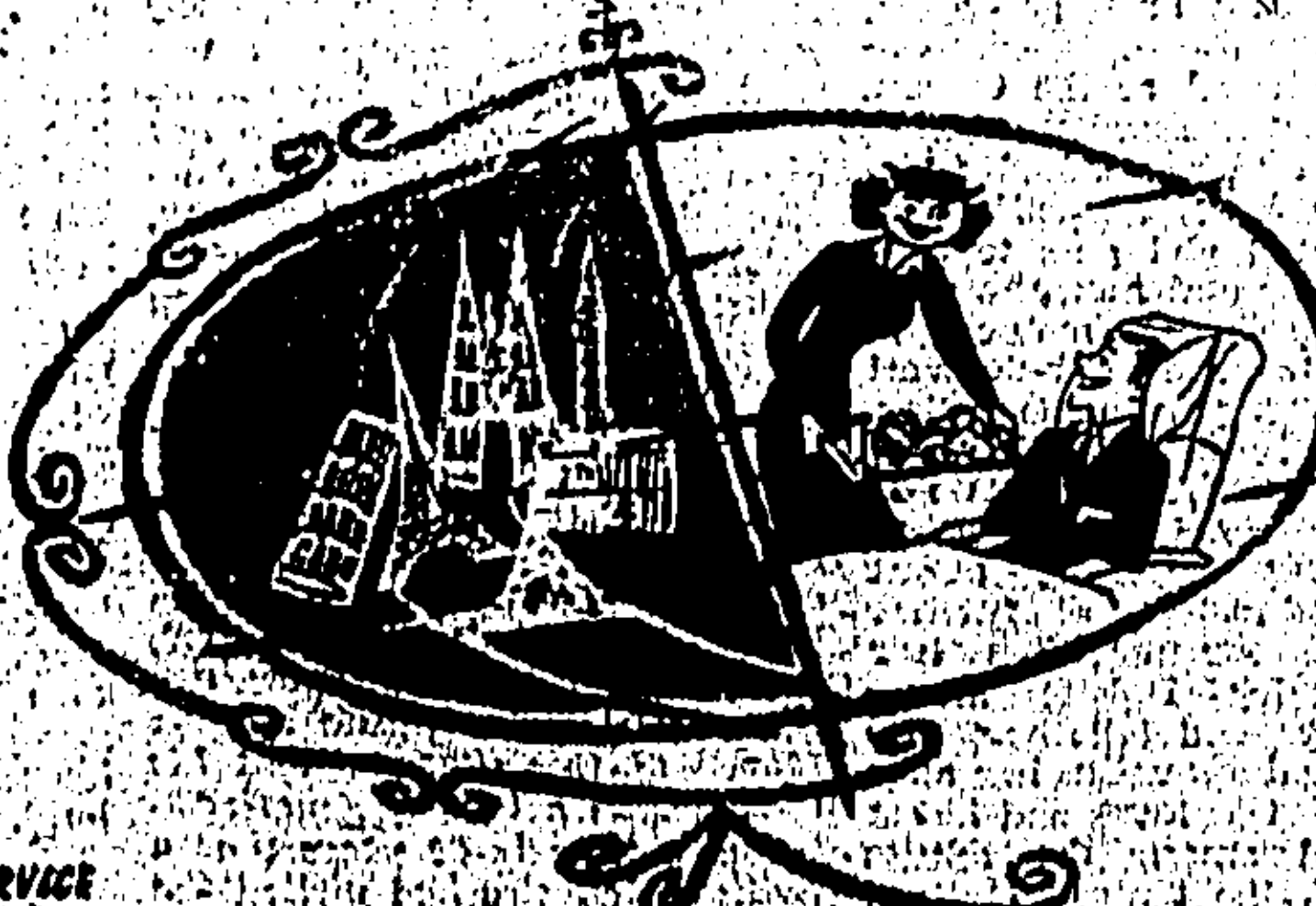


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CALL CALDBECK'S FOR YOUR

Drambuie

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KING'S PRINCESS

SHOWING TO-DAY
Please note the change of showing times:
2.30, 5.00, 7.20 & 9.40 P.M.

Now! a musical love story
big as all outdoors!

RODGERS-HAMMERSTEIN'S
OKLAHOMA!

Richard Rodgers
Music and Lyrics by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, II

Produced by
CINEMASCOPE
TECHNICOLOR

Starring: Gordon MacRae, Gloria Grahame,
Shirley Jones, Gene Nelson.

"CADBURY'S" DRINKING CHOCOLATE
free to patrons at 7.20 p.m. performance.

— EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW —
KING'S at 11.15 a.m. PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.

Columbia's
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
AND 3 STOOGES
AT REDUCED ADMISSION: \$1.00 & \$1.50

PRINCESS

Tomorrow, Sunday,
At 12.10 P.M.

Madras Cine Corporation presents a
Superb INDIAN PRODUCTION

"GUL-E-BAKAVALI"

Starring: T. R. RAJKUMARI, G. VARA LAXMI, RAJA
SULOCHANA, M. G. RAMCHANDAR, CHANDRABABU,
THANGAVELU, E. V. SAROJA, E. R. SAHADEVAN,
A. KARUNANIDHI and 1001 others.

Directed by RAMANNA. Produced by DHIREN DAS GUPTA

AT REGULAR PRICES

ROXY & BROADWAY

2nd BIG WEEK! NOW SHOWING THE 8th DAY!
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

From the best-selling novel of young love in war!



Robert WAGNER Terry MOORE Broderick CRAWFORD
BUDDY EBBSON — ADRIAN WILKINSON — EDWARD G. ROSS — HARRY SHAW

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon
20th Century-Fox presents
In CinemaScope & Color
"THERE'S NO BUSINESS
LIKE SHOW BUSINESS"
Starring: Marilyn Monroe
— Reduced Admission —
\$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.
Warner Brothers
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
At Reduced Prices

At 12.30 p.m.
"BETWEEN HEAVEN AND
HELL"

AIR-CONDITIONED

STAR METROPOLE

TEL. 63883

TEL. 76336

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
STAR: At 11.00 a.m.
UNIVERSAL COLOR
CARTOONS

At Reduced Prices

At 12.30 p.m.
M.G.M. presents
"THE STUDENT PRINCE"
Starring: Edmund Purdom
Ann Blyth
At Reduced Prices
\$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

At 12.30 p.m.
Errol Flynn
"OBJECTIVE BURMA"
A Warner Brothers Picture
At Reduced Prices

FILMS BY JANE ROBERTS

She Sins So
Delicately

DEBORAH Kerr sins so delicately in "Tea and Sympathy" and with such evident dedication, that the adolescent to whom she makes a present of her person must have been more embarrassed than flattered. I found the whole picture over sentimental and although there was an honest attempt made to sort out the problems of inhibited mature people as well as those of bewildered youth, only superficial emotions were produced to explain the complexities of human nature.

The truest words are spoken in a letter at the end of the picture. Deborah Kerr has taken what the author of the original play obviously considers to be strong measures to help prove to one of her husband's pupils that he is not the oddity the other "men" of the school consider him and years later he is reading the letter she has written him.

Whether or not it was her abstinence that succeeded in turning him into the successful writer, husband and father he now is, is not proved. But looking back she wonders whether her possibly misplaced lowering of the standards she had set for herself had not resulted in the failure of somebody who needed her sympathy far more than a tormented, adolescent boy — her husband.

The boy has turned out to be a balanced adult. Her husband, described by her immediately after the "incident" is still the overgrown schoolboy, who, with understanding, could possibly have become, if not the best brain in the world, at least a sympathetic schoolmaster.

The problems of youth, she has come to realize, are often transient and perhaps it might have been better if she had stuck to what the headmaster's wife suggested.

The Advice

"My Dear" was the essence of the advice offered her, "a schoolmaster's wife duty is to remain aloof from the problems and politics of a Boys' School and to dispense tea and sympathy on Sunday afternoons."

Deborah Kerr, though trying initially to conform, finds that the boyishness of the boys, matching her husband's animal spirits, is making her a partisan for a sensitive boy who is being victimised for preferring poetry to horseplay and beauty to bawdy talk.

She interferes — rather breezily I feel — and there is an underlying feeling that beneath her concern for the hurt of the boy so young, there is a desire to live again for a little while the happiness she found with her first husband — a young boy of nineteen.

It's possible to read whatever one likes into "Tea and Sympathy", in spite of the shallowness of the players, so perhaps it succeeds by provoking thought. Left Ericson is the best member of the cast.

Pity To Miss

This Musical

"OKLAHOMA!" gets off
to a wonderful start

This Week's Films
In Pictures

John Kerr and Deborah Kerr in a scene from
"Tea and Sympathy".

with Curly, played by Gordon MacRae, riding through a beautifully coloured countryside singing that happiest of all popular songs "O What a Beautiful Morning".

His voice is warm, the sun is shining, he's a handsome young man full of high spirits and all is very right with the world.

He rides up to the farm house of Charlotte Greenwood and story Shirley Jones and in spite of all the extraneous themes that creep in throughout the screenplay the main thread is established right away. Laury loves Curly, Curly loves Laury. Yet both are going to fight their way in and out of each other's favour through the film to prove that neither is easy to get and well worth waiting for.

Charlotte Greenwood, though given some sharp lines in some places, is more mellow than she has been in the past. Her directness is tempered with kindness and she is allowed to show more tact than that produced by her usual bellowing, shouting forthrightness.

Some of the faults in "Carousel" have been reproduced in "Oklahoma". For instance I found many of the dance sequences too long and the gaudy, folky choreography of Agnes De Mille is not to my taste. In fact the whole film is too long and would be better for some cutting.

However, with a production that has become almost a legend before its 21st birthday, it would be difficult to visualize it as less than fine, genuine, stupendous, colossal, super-special epic of the year.

Superfluous

The comedy comes from Gloria Grahame as dumb Ado Annie, the girl who just can't say "No". This song is quite suggestive but Gloria Grahame puts such fun and innocent wickedness into it that it is never offensive. This is the best role she has ever attempted and it would be a good thing if she abandoned all her sultry, dark parts from now on. Her scene with father and philandering Eddie Albert is one of the funniest in the film. He too gets full marks for a good performance.

The difficult role of Jud, the brooding mentally deranged

world, sugar is preferable to spice. Being in firm disagreement, it is difficult to be objective.

But to return to "The Ambassador's Daughter". The daughter in question is Olivia de Havilland, still looking pretty and quite believably able to captivate the younger John Forsythe. He is one of the GIs whose behaviour in Paris has been questioned by the authorities back in the United States. Adolphe Menjou is a Senator from there who is firmly convinced that Paris should be declared a forbidden area for American servicemen. Myrna Loy, still with the mischievous twinkle in her eye, is his wife, and much more understanding. Edward Arnold is the Ambassador himself and also sympathetic towards young American manhood.

Naturally the GI and the Ambassador's daughter fall in love and lots of Paris is used as a background in the process.

It is difficult to see how a cultured boy like Forsythe could have such a likable moron for a friend as Tommy Noonan, but as Noonan gets most of the laughs it isn't very important.

Further Word

Of Praise

OF "Between Heaven and Hell" I wrote last week and feel that for those who did not read the review a further word of praise would be useful. The subject of war and its effect on the men fighting in it is imaginatively dealt with in this picture and there is an absence of the sentiment that so often detracts from the sincerity of such films.

Broderick Crawford hasn't acted as well since "All the King's Men" and Robert Wagner shows that he is much more than just another good looking pot of the Box Office watchers.

More 'Rock'

MY comments on "Rock, Rock, Rock" are "much" as they were for the predecessors of the "Rock" school, except that this one is more of a series of variety turns than a musical with a story. Many will miss Bill Haley's Comets who are more well known to Hongkong listeners than Alan Freed's 18 piece "Rock 'n' Roll Band", but one thing is certain. There will be plenty of noise.

A Light Piece

Of Fluff

"THE Ambassador's Daughter" is a light piece of fluff that in spite of bringing in American concern for the behaviour of her servicemen in foreign capitals remains gay and free from politics.

It reminds me of a film of a few years back in which Jean Arthur and a serious-minded Congressman went to Berlin to investigate reports of fraternisation of American soldiers in Berlin with the poverty-stricken prostitutes. I am prepared to be corrected, but the film seems to mind us "Fogelberg" and starred the incomparable Marlene Dietrich.

As with so many re-makes and second thoughts these days, the gaiety and insouciance of the originals have been a little mislaid. Possibly it is the present day feeling that in an uncertain

New Films

At
A Glance

SHOWING

HOOPER and LIBERTY: "Tea and Sympathy": Romantic entanglement between a schoolmaster's wife and one of her husband's charges. Deborah Kerr, John Kerr, Liff Ericson.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Oklahoma!": Screen version of the successful musical. Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, Rod Steiger, Gloria Grahame, Gene Nelson.

METROPOLE and STAR: "The Ambassador's Daughter": Smooth comedy set in Cinema-Scope Paris. Olivia de Havilland, John Forsythe, Myrna Loy, Edward Arnold, Adolphe Menjou.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Rock, Rock, Rock": More Rock 'n' roll with Alan Freed.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Between Heaven and Hell": A good war film. Broderick Crawford, Robert Wagner.

COMING

HOOPER and LIBERTY: "King's Rhapsody": A screen version of Ivor Novello's musical. Errol Flynn, Anna Neagle.

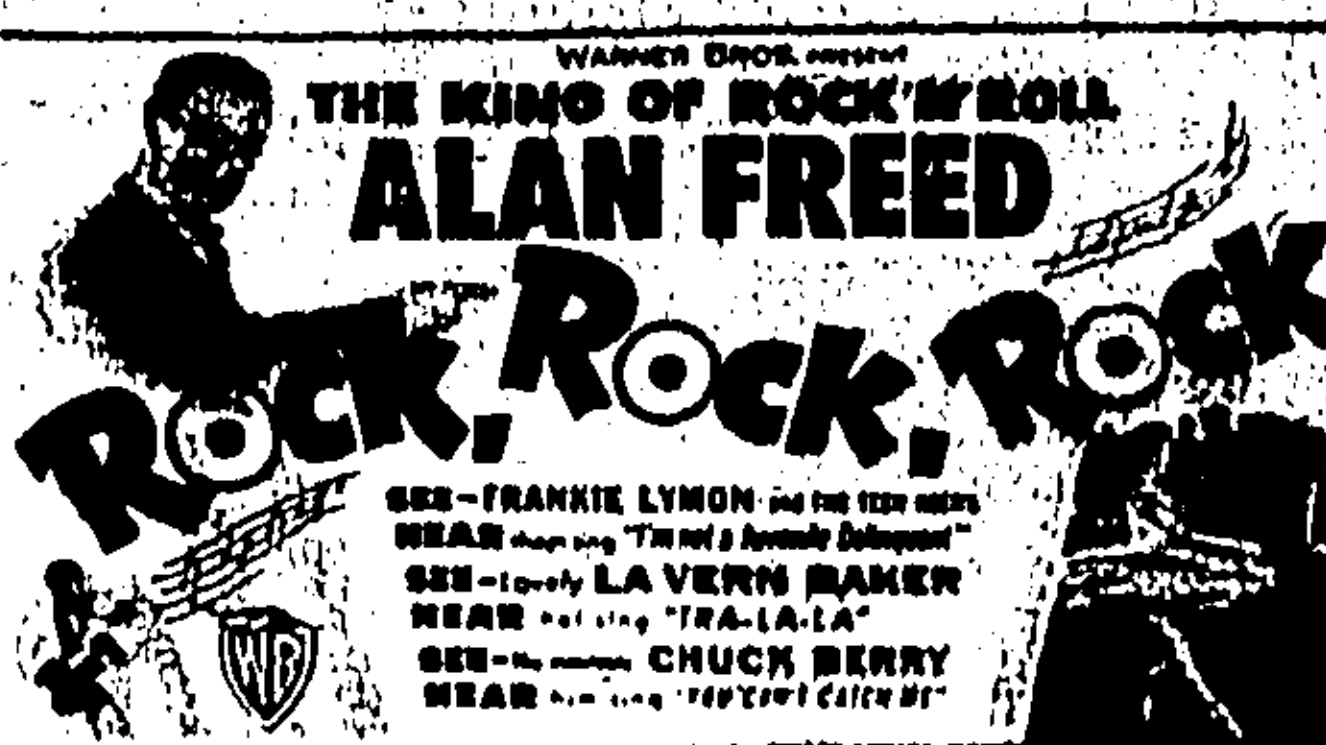
KING'S and PRINCESS: "World Without End": Fantasy, Hugh Masekela, "The Mountains", Drama. Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Woman of the River": Romance and tragedy along the banks of the River Po. Sophia Loren.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Love Me Tender": A chance to get a look at the fabulous Elvis Presley. With Richard Boone and Barbara Frawley.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

SHOWING TO-DAY



— QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA —
5 SHOWS TOMORROW

"Rock, Rock, Rock"
EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.

HOOPER LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL. 72371 KOWLOON TEL. 60148, 60848

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and 9.45 p.m.

The love story of a teen-age boy
and an understanding woman

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in CINEMASCOPE and
METROCOLOR

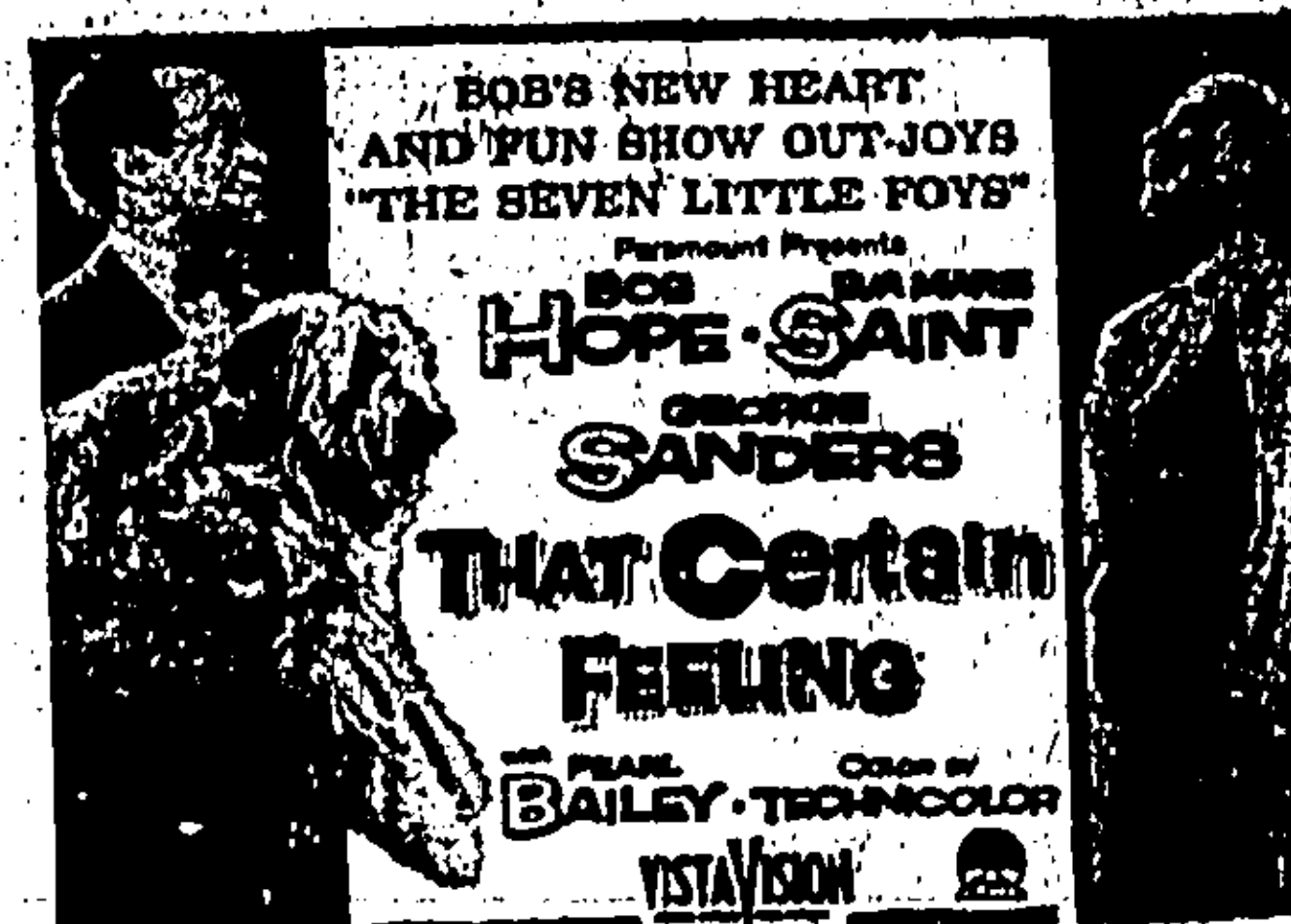
Tea and Sympathy

starring
Deborah Kerr John Kerr

SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.00 REDUCED ADMISSION
HOOPER THEATRE LIBERTY THEATRE
Robert Taylor Allen Ladd
Elizabeth Taylor Lisbeth Scott in
in "IVANHOE" "RED MOUNTAIN"

CAPITOL RITZ

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



Capitol: To-morrow
Morning Show At 12.30 p.m.
Tony Curtis in
"BEACH HEAD"

Ritz: To-morrow Morning
Show At 12.10 p.m.
Olivia de Havilland in
"NOT AS A STRANGER"

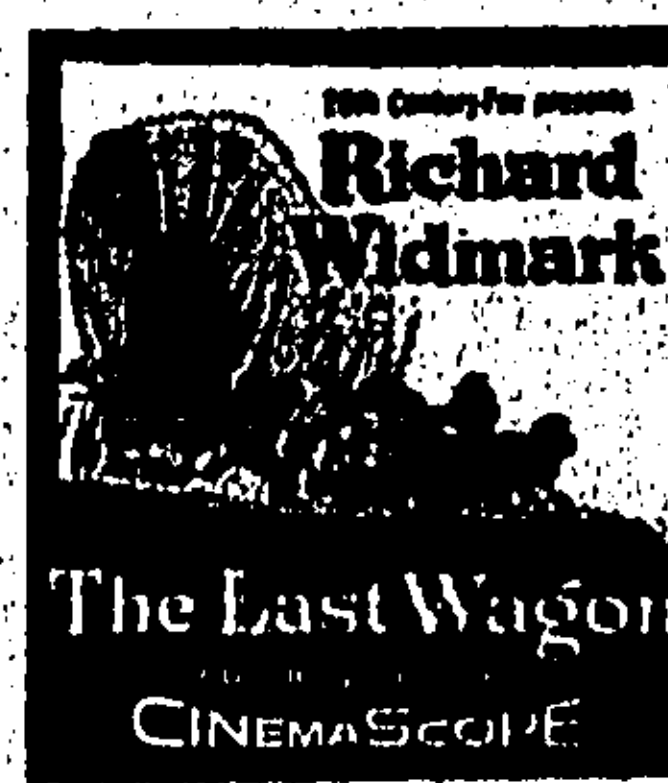
ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.
The Tremendous Story of
the Victory over the Graf!



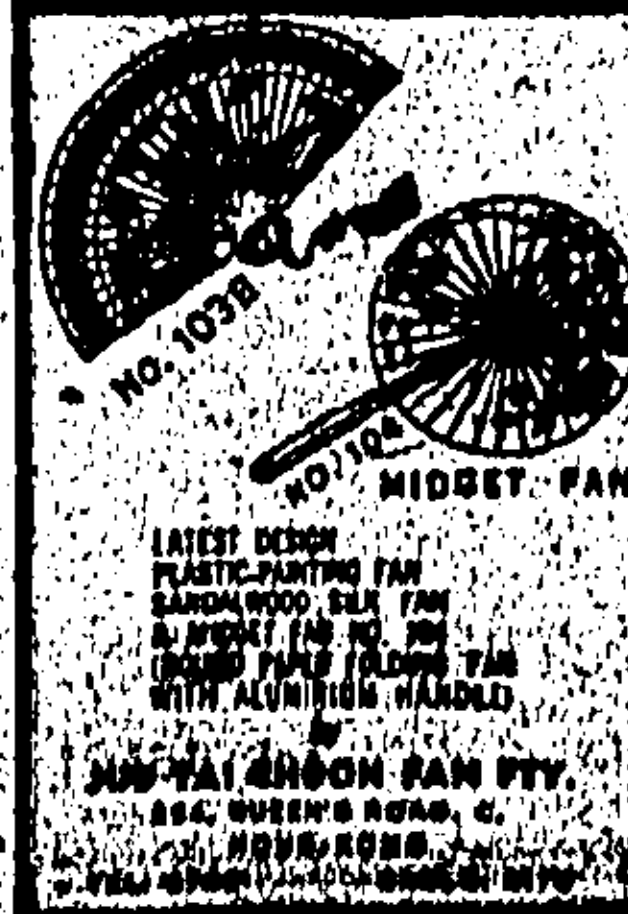
TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
At 12.30
"NIGHT & THE CITY"

2nd BIG WEEK!
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.
Nothing could stop
"THE LAST WAGON"
From Coming Through!



SUNDAY MORNING SHOW
At 11.30 P.M.
"ABDULLA THE GREAT"

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in the
CHINA MAIL
GOES TO
CUSTOMERS
Instead of waiting
for them to come to
you
Use the
CHINA MAIL
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NEWS ABOUT FILMS

That clever child actress, Mandy Miller, now aged eleven, is very natural and appealing in "Child in the House", recently previewed at the Odeon, Marble Arch, London. This Golden Era film, adapted from a novel by Janet McNeill, tells how the little girl goes to stay with an uncle and aunt who does not know while her mother is ill and her beloved ne'er-do-well father in hiding from the police. Neither her fashionable, elegant aunt (Fayelle Cawley) nor her burlesque uncle (Eric Portman) know anything about children and matters are further complicated for her when her father (Stanley Baker) meets her secretly, and tells her she must say nothing about her stay in London. Old love and hate are revived among the adults and though the happy ending, writes Joan Littlefield, is somewhat contrived, the film holds one's interest. Don't Bryan provides excellent light relief as the head who berates Mandy. C. Baker, Eric Portman and others also provided the screenplay.

Recently produced in London, the film is a comedy, and is a

music entitled "It's a Wonderful World". Presented in Technicolor and SpectaScope, the story deals with two young songwriters (played by Terence Morgan and George Cole) who are trying to catch London's "Tin-Pan-Alley". Kathleen Harrison, famed for comedy characterizations, is cast as their Cockney landlady, and Mylene Nicole, young neoclassic from France, is a stupendous heroine. The picture features Ted Heath and his Music and the His tunes include "Heath's version of 'The Hawaiian War Chant'". The songwriters' leader, he is, of course, one of the world's foremost composers of popular music and in March of this year, he and his band began a tour of America — the first time in 20 years that a British orchestra had visited the United States.

"Hell Drivers" is accompanied with a group of truckers, but to lose one another on the number of films they can make daily to the "Hell Drivers" film, which is a

"A Tale of Two Cities" is due to start filming early in July. It will be produced by Sydney Box. The film's name has yet to be announced, but the screenplay will be by T.E.B. Clarke, author of The Blue Lamp, The Lavender Hill Mob and Passport To Pimlico.

Casting: It is probable that Dirk Bogarde will play the role of Carton in Charles Dickens' story of the French Revolution.

Other films to come are:

"The Mayor of Castletown" from the Thomas Hardy novel of a group of men fall and the rise of a young stranger to take his place in 19th century England.

"Requiem for a Wren" from the book by Nevill Shute.

"March of the Glaciers" by Compton Mackenzie.

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

THE £1,000-A-YEAR PAGE BOY

**CUSTOMERS FOR A HAIR-DO GIVE HIM
£2 A DAY IN TIPS BUT HIS FIRM IS
FINED FOR NOT PAYING HIM ENOUGH**

London.

It pays to be a page-boy at a Mayfair hairdresser's where top-crust customers go. One page-boy gets about £1,000 a year, a London court was told.

But his employers were summoned for not paying him enough.

Page-boy Frederick Tebbboth, of Chudleigh Road, Brockley, is 16, but only 4ft. 6in. tall.

In his black uniform with silver buttons he spends most of his day bowing to beautiful women in the perfumed hairdressing salon.

For this, it was said at Clerkenwell Court, he gets:

TIPS: More than £2 a day; **FREE** meals, uniform, and clothes cleaning; **WAGES:** £5 5s.

His employers, F. G. French (London), Ltd., of Curzon Place, Park Lane, admitted they should have been paying him £6 11s. a week. Their lawyer said: "Tebboth himself certainly has not complained."

Mr Robey, the magistrate, fined the firm £2. He said of the £1,000-a-year page-boy: "He is doing very nicely."

Back in Mayfair page-boy Tebbboth agreed. "It's the best job I ever had," he said.



Terribly Upsetting Incident At London Cat Show

A BREATH of scandal touched the National Cat Show at Olympia last month. Somebody did a Terrible Thing.

They stole the tickets off the cages of winning cats. And even worse—the Somebody put them on the cage of her own cat.

And when the organizers complained the same Somebody did the Most Terrible Thing of All. She tipped a tin of cat food over an official.

"It was a woman in a white coat who caused all the trouble," Mr George Culvert, a steward who breeds Siamese cats, said.

"Her cat didn't win a prize and she was so upset she took the winning tickets off all the cages around and put them on her own."

"She had so many tickets showing that you couldn't see the cat."

"She threw cat food over one official and chased a woman helper all round the hall."

The woman in white also took over the loudspeaker and made an announcement of her own.

She proclaimed that she had a first-aid box with her and was willing to treat any cat that fell ill.

"All the vets we have in attendance were up in arms," said Mr Culvert. "We had to make announcements that nobody was to take a cat anywhere near the woman in white."

"We tried to eject her from the show but nobody seemed able to manage it."

This was the diamond jubilee show of the National Cat Club and it attracted 4,000 entries—a record.

Down Came Lamp Post

CAPT. TELLS WHY

Greenwich.
Captain William Braston Snelgar couldn't understand the fuss. They had put the lamp-post outside his house and he didn't like it. So he pulled it down, that's all. Wouldn't anyone have done the same?

The captain, a shy 60 or so, really didn't want to talk about it.

At his 200-year-old home, the Manor House, Crookham Hill, Greenwich, he said: "It was lunatic of someone to put it there in the first place. But they have been very nice about it now and I don't want to make a fuss."

But, I asked him, how did it happen? The captain straightened his red-and-blue Fusiliers tie and began.

"Well, I found the hole yesterday, you see. They had taken up two of the flagstones in the forecourt and dug about six inches from one of the big stone pillars. Of course, I got a spade and filled it in."

Spade Work

"Then I rang up the council people and told them about it. They said it was for a lamp. So I told them what would happen... that it might get broken up in the erecting."

"But it was there just the same when I came home from the office. I am an architect, you know, and I know what happens if you take these things lying down. So I dug it up."

"Yes, I'm used to a bit of digging. I just widened the hole, climbed a ladder and tied a rope on, and pulled it down. Only took a couple of hours. We don't need a light—there's one in the road 20 yards away and another over the front gate. And, anyway it was a complete eyesore in front of a house like this."

"The engineer fellow I saw this morning was very nice. He saw things my way and said they would not be putting the lamp back."

JEANETTE MacDonald AND NELSON EDDY TOGETHER AGAIN

Hollywood.

After 15 years, the movies' most romantic screen team—even though each married another—walked into a television studio last month to sing together again.

In 1941 Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy ended their movies as a team, and no more does he found through the forest in his mountie uniform, or gaze at her in rapture while she sings, "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life."

Today's young movie-goers know screen combinations like Piper Laurie and Tony Curtis and Elvis Presley and his sidekicks. But MacDonald-Eddy successes such as "Naughty Marietta," "Rose Marie" and "Maytime" were memorable films even though Eddy's acting was understated, to put it mildly, and the stories were sugary.

Quite Exciting

Thus TV fans saw a milestone when Miss MacDonald and her celluloid twin reunited for their first television appearance on the Lux Video Theatre's special holiday musical show last month.

"This is quite exciting," the spry, vivacious Miss MacDonald declared today. "We've been asked to appear on television before but one of us always has been busy. We finally made it this time because one of Nelson's club dates was cancelled."

The MacDonald-Eddy combination began in 1934 and established screen history until the couple's contract ended.

"I did not want to stay because I would rather be remembered kindly by fans for our good pictures than for those dreadful pictures the studio later wanted me to do," she explained.

Concert Artist

During the last 15 years Miss MacDonald has been a successful concert artist, with an occasional TV appearance, while Eddy turned to night club and concert work. But their fans did not forget them.

"MGM still gets letters asking if we will work together again," she smiled. "It's so flattering. Taxi drivers, waiters in stores, persons on the street say to me, 'when are you and Nelson going to sing again?'"

"I think it would be great fun if we did another movie."

Both Eddy and Miss MacDonald were single during their team days, but for reasons known to them they wed others. "Nelson and I used to date each other before I married Gene," she added thoughtfully. "We always have been good friends, but, well, it was just never a romance."—United Press.

'What You Look Like' Tax Now!

Sark.
Residents of this tiny British island have their tax problems, but not just like everybody else.

There are no income taxes, no customs excises and no death duties. But the 540 inhabitants are up in arms about taxes anyway.

They're disturbed about a penny-in-the-pound "soak the rich" duty levied on residents of the 1,000-acre island who look rich enough to pay it.

Henry Head, one of the 40 landowners on Sark, said "Sark is a tax-dodgers' paradise."

Old Clothes
"But it is better to have no tax at all than have our worth assessed as a horse dealer would appraise the old grey mare," he said.

The trouble arose when the island's parliament decided to levy the tax on the basis of appearance.

If he looks prosperous and the collectors think he is worth as much as £40, he pays the tax. If he doesn't look prosperous, no taxes.

"If I got my way," he said, "no longer shall we have to put on our oldest clothes when we go walking to decide the assessors."—United Press.

AND THEN—SECOND THOUGHTS

And then little Freddie had second thoughts.

He wrote a letter to the income-tax inspector. "Dear sir," it said, "it's not true—I do not make £1,000 a year as page boy to a hairdresser, perks or no perks."

For that was what the solicitor said Freddie earned with tips when his employers were fined for paying him 26s. a week short of the legal wage.

"He is doing very nicely," beamed Mr Robey, Clerkenwell magistrate. "But I'm not doing very nicely," argued Freddie. "What are the income-tax people going to say when they read I am supposed to be getting nearly £20 a week? ... All this publicity!"

Freddie drew himself up to his full 4ft.-odd. "There's a lot of bad feeling, I can tell you." Although a fully grown man, he is just about tall

enough in his smart, many-buttoned page's uniform to look a well-grown 11-year-old straight in the eye.

Patrons at the Curzon Place West establishment of society hairdresser Frederick French think he's "cute."

He helps them all off with their coats. Then he helps them all on with their coats. Naturally, they express their appreciation. "But not £1,000 a year," said Freddie

gloomily. "Nine pounds a week, maybe, in good times."

Mr Frederick Freeman, his employer, told me: "My wife spotted Freddie in the lift of a big store, just going up and down all day getting nowhere. She saw his potentialities as a page."

"He's been with us five years now at £5 5s. a week, and... well, 200 patrons a day certainly don't forget him on their way out."

He Spends Millions On 'Love Thy Neighbour' Ads

One of Washington's biggest real estate agents, never signs cheques, carries no life insurance and spends his earnings on full-page newspaper ads imploring people to "love thy neighbour."

Leon Ackerman says the money he makes from such things as a \$20 million real estate project in Florida is "all God's money."

Ackerman has aroused national interest through his newspaper ads which have appeared from coast to coast and through thousands of Christmas cards he sends out each year carrying religious messages.

"I don't worship anything I can't take with me," he said in an interview at his bustling real estate office.

Ackerman, who appears to be enjoying life fully, is a large man with silver hair, a grey moustache and a smiling, bushy eyebrow. He is 58.

hasn't touched liquor or tobacco and has tried to follow the teachings of Jesus, particularly the law of love.

Ackerman said he was deeply concerned about how people are being "hypnotised to hate."

"It's a terrible thing. The tendency to hate is the most dangerous thing in the world. Many people wonder what's the gimmick in his religious advertisements," he said. "The answer, he said, is that he has learned that expanding the gospel of love is an infinitely richer source of satisfaction in life than "the worship of dollars."

The newspaper ads at first were anonymous. But he said the New York Times a few years ago refused to take an ad unless he signed his name to it. So he now says "Leon

name in small letters at the bottom, with his office address, but no mention of his business pursuits or the name of his firm."

"Every penny I earn personally goes into these ads," he said. He apparently places the ads when he thinks they're most needed.

He placed some ads earlier last month, for instance, after Adm. Arthur W. Radford said that war in some cases is better than peace without freedom. Ackerman, whose office staff includes a couple of Admirals, former Sen. Harry F. Cain (R-Wash.) and former Washington band leader Barlowe Hawkins, says he has no idea how much money he has spent on the ads. But this, came out of his earnings, he said, and he has not listed any business expenses for income tax purposes. United Press.

PARENTS TIED CHILDREN IN BED

Aachen.

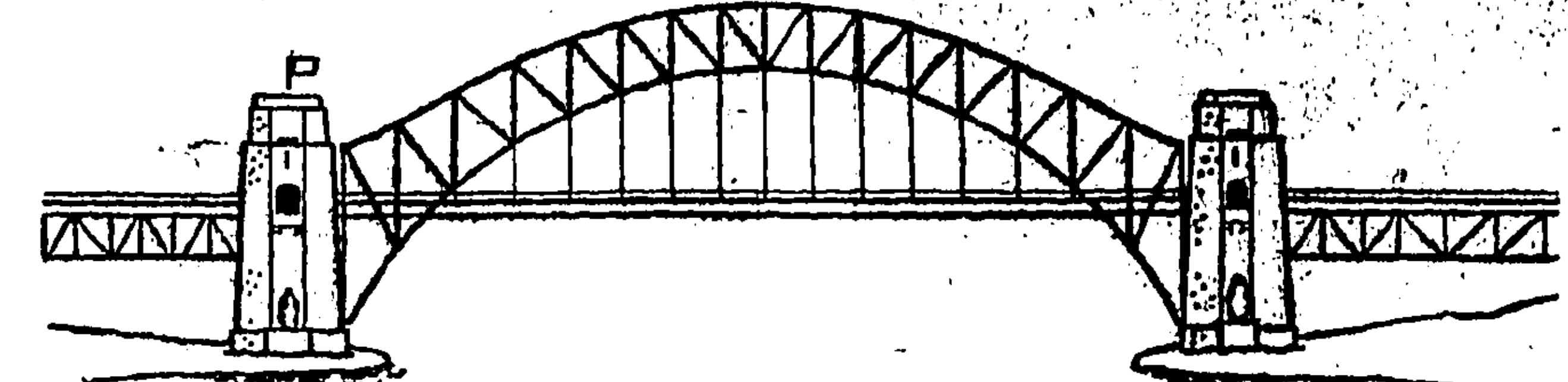
A man and wife who tied their three children to their beds and went to the movies were sentenced to 12 and 15-month gaol terms today.

The 25-year-old father refused to leave the movie theatre when police entered to look for the parents after neighbours heard the children crying. He said he wanted to wait until the end of the picture.—United Press.

What Blue Uniforms Do To The Butcher

Paris.

A Paris police court let a butcher accused of assaulting a meat inspector off with a 30,000 franc (£30) fine after the butcher explained that his wife was cheating on him with a gentleman and he reacted violently to the sight of men in blue uniforms.



Sydney in 22 hours



by Super Constellation

QANTAS

AUSTRALIA'S OVERSEAS AIRLINE

JARDINE, MATHISON & CO. LTD. PHONE: 63311, 80311

AND LEADING TRAVEL AGENTS

QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS LTD. IN ASSOCIATION WITH B.O.A.C. AND T.N.A.

FLYING FROM HONG KONG 4 P.M. EVERY TUESDAY

Qantas Super Constellations, the world's finest long-range passenger airliners, powered by four mighty Wright Cyclone turbo-compound engines, are now operating on the weekly service from Hong Kong to Sydney. Flying time has been cut by six and a half hours.

Fly Qantas First Class, with magnificent food and individual attention; or choose comfortable Tourist accommodation at a saving of over 20% in air fare.

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



LOUIS and the Longhair. Trumpeter Louis Armstrong looks politely ecstatic as Norman Del Mar, conductor of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, tries to squeeze out of the famous horn. Mrs. Armstrong's satchel-mouthed son was rehearsing with Mr. Del Mar for a feeless one-night stand at London's Royal Festival Hall, the proceeds of which were to go to Hungarian relief. (Express)



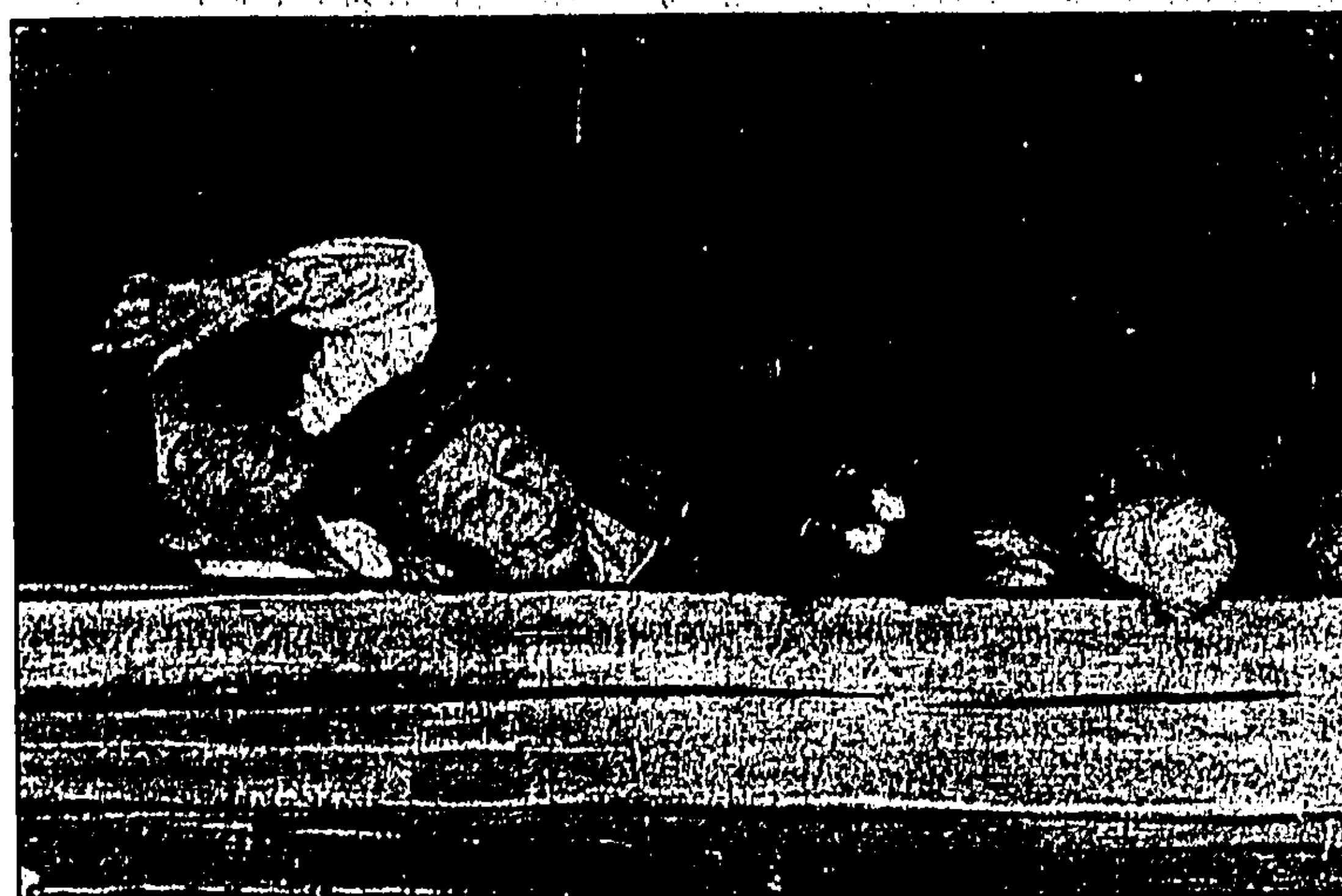
BRITAIN'S first Hungarian refugee baby. Eva Vecsi, 19, pictured with her 6lb 10oz baby Paula, born in a Sussex hospital. She and her husband, 27-year-old Jons, fled from their home just outside Budapest, and when they reached the Austrian border had to hide for two days, their only nourishment a bottle of wine given them by a peasant. (Express)



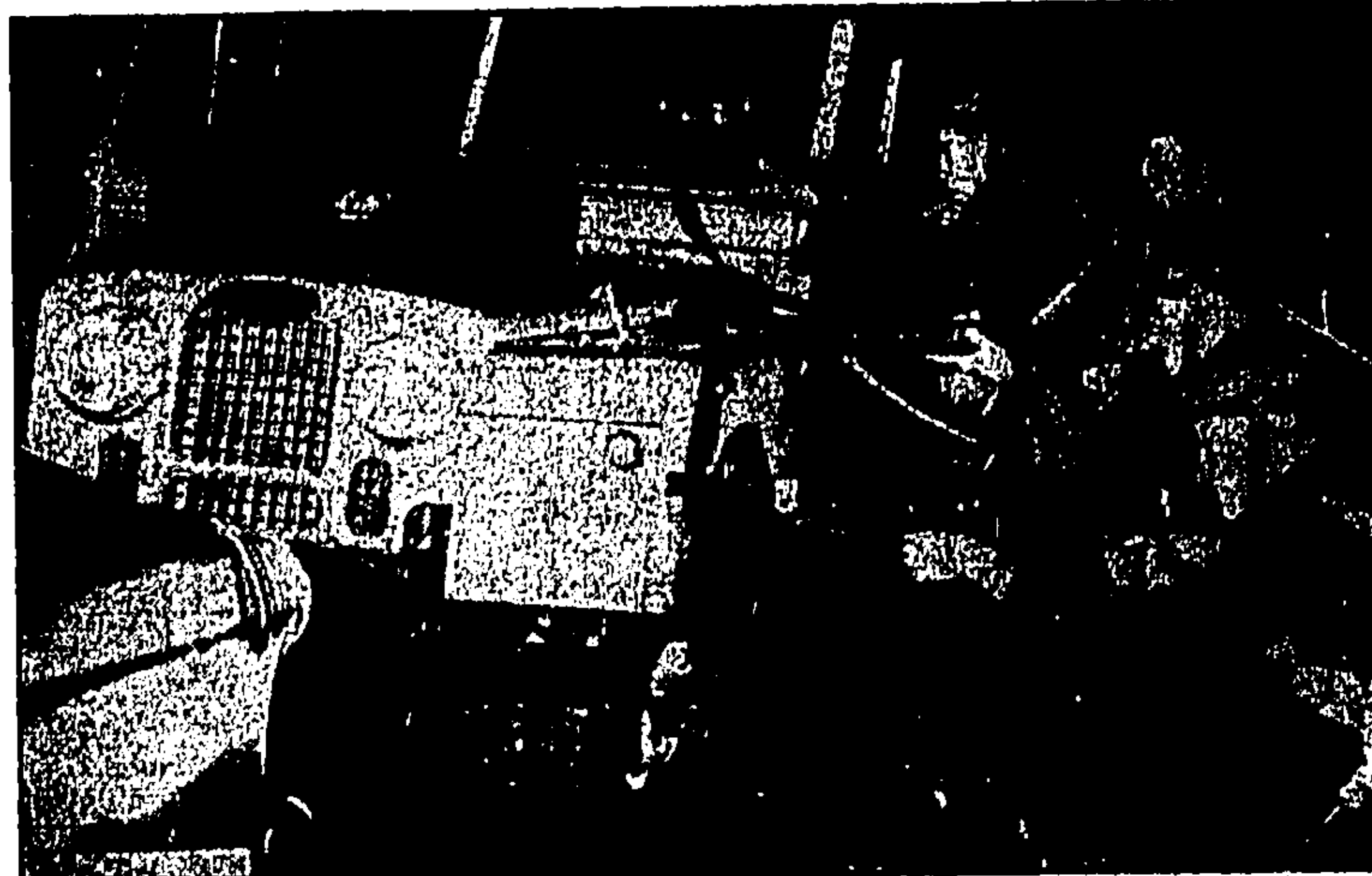
AS policemen watch, a postman in Fleet Street, London — heart of Britain's national newspaper world — clears a pillar box after it had been reported that the Irish Republican Army had placed a bomb in the box. It was a false alarm. (Express)



IN a room of a public house in Newmarket, 200 youngsters have found a new pastime. They call it Jazz With the Parson. He is their curate—the Rev. Charles Cowley, 28-year-old former member of the Cambridge University Jazz Club. In a cafe one day he found 20 youths sitting round a juke box. "I suggested they should do something constructive, if they wanted jazz, instead of aimlessly putting pennies in a slot. I offered them a room." The offer was accepted, and soon it was filled with young people listening to the curate talk of jazz. Mr. Cowley is shown singing at a microphone, with some very solid backing. (Express)



THE Pantomime season under way in London. Heryl Stevens as Dick Whittington, George Formby as Idle Jack, and Jeanne Craig playing The Cat, photographed on the stage of the Palace Theatre. (Express)



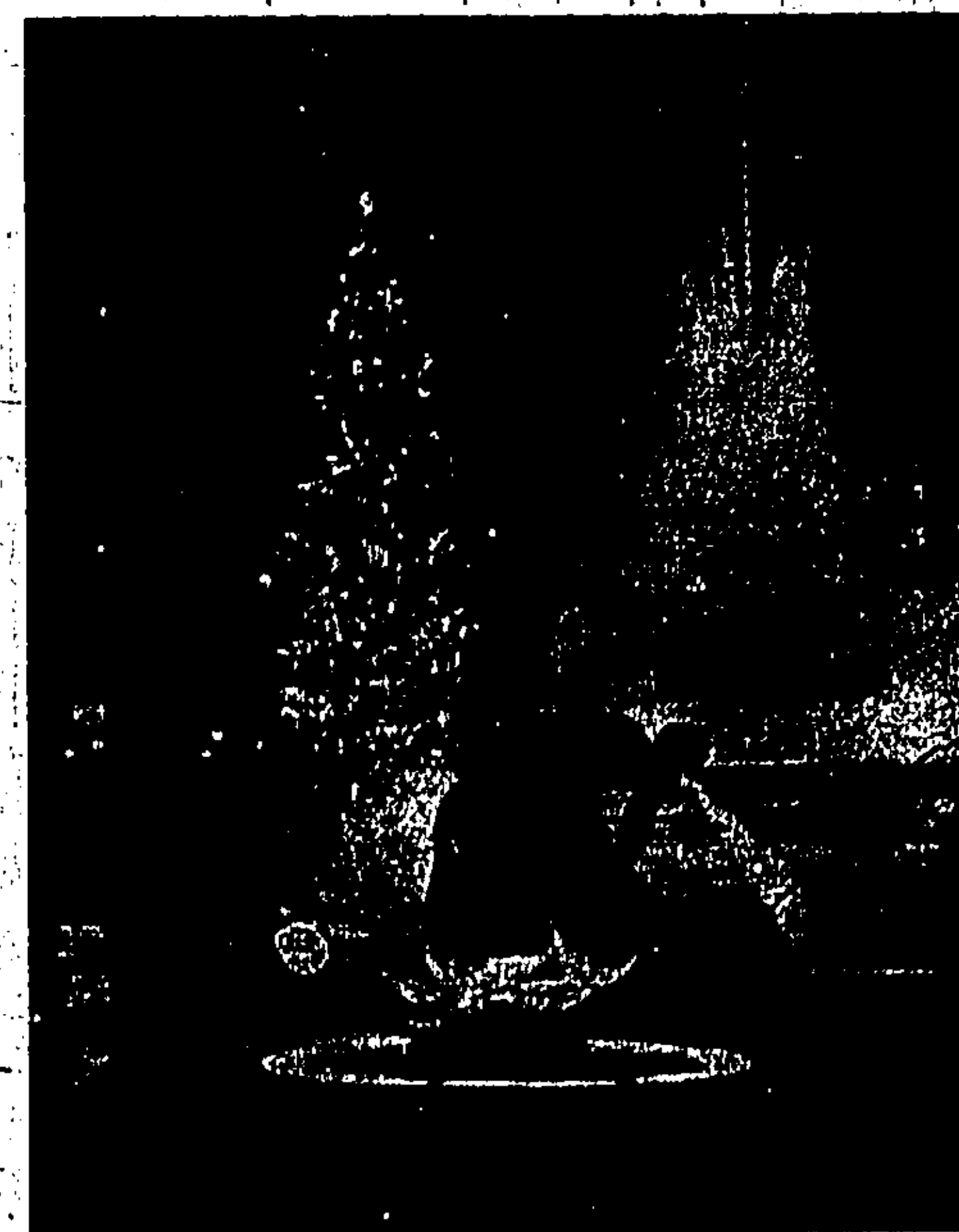
IRISH Army v. Irish Republican Army. These Eire troops are pictured in action against a house full of suspects of the illegal IRA organisation four miles inside the Eire border near Monaghan. The men—13 in all—were arrested. (Express)



A TV transmitting unit being removed from a Bristol Sycamore helicopter after an airborne television transmission test at Cambridge by the Pye radio firm. Present range is about five miles, but it is planned to develop a more powerful set of similar weight but with a range of 100 miles or more. (Express)



SCHOOLBOY footballer Tony Wardley has been dropped from the Coplestone Road School (Ipswich) because his teacher objects to his "Tony Curtis" hair style. Fourteen-year-old Tony, left back, has been told he will not be picked again until he has a "proper" haircut. He still plays, however, for the All-Ipswich schools side. (Express)



THE Christmas scene in London's Trafalgar Square after the 67ft Christmas tree — a gift from the city of Oslo — was switched on by Norway's Ambassador, Mr Per Preben Prebensen. (Express)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



ROWNTREES

SMARTIES



"Come and say 'Good Morning' to what you called 'The sweetest Christmas present you have had'"

A SUPER-CONFIDENT PEOPLE SEE ANOTHER JACKPOT YEAR

THE UNQUIET AMERICAN IS HARD TO FIND

FORWARD to '57, and the Americans expect the imminent boom to continue at home, the tangled series of crises to continue abroad.

There are qualifications, of course. Perhaps the property will lose a little of its bloom; the stock market, raised in 1956, the cost of living is the highest in history, and personal debt to hire purchase is prodigious, but most people expect the dollar avalanche to keep flowing.

I have not met many pessimists during the Christmas holidays. It's considered unpatriotic to sell America short even by inches.

The people say, the politicians say, and the Press says, "Another record-breaking year for America."

It is a good spirit, and it is the right spirit, characteristically American, though maybe a little tinged with a touch of the booster and the huckster.

Fussing

WHEN a few friends dropped in for a drink, one man summed it up with the agreement of all the Americans present but with reservations from myself and a couple of other English people.

The man who has made half a million dollars during the past three years financing parking lots said: "We are going to hit the jackpot again. And why? Because America is 30 years ahead of the rest of the world."

There is nothing like being sure of yourself but possibly the Americans are too sure. I haven't read a single economic forecast except Henry Hazlitt, who warns of financial disaster unless there is a drastic change in economic policy.

My trouble is to discover just what that policy is other than jump-starting with billions on an international scale to perpetuate the prosperity and boom.

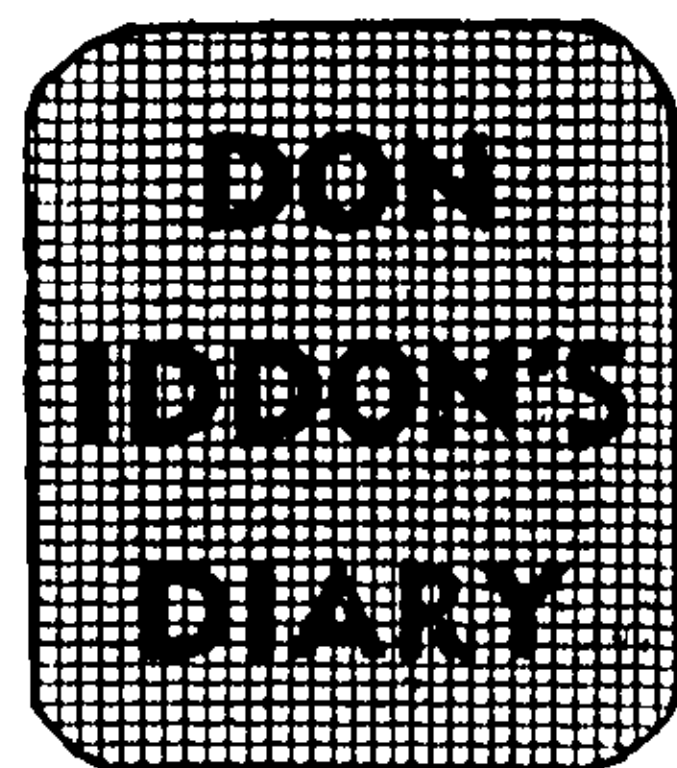
We have heard very little from President Eisenhower since his massive election triumph. He has been seen in smiling handshakes with Nehru, who has been fussed over as a sort of saviour of mankind, we have read of the 14-hour talks with Nehru in the solitude of the Gettysburg farm, but we have seen and heard few signs of positive leadership.

Honeymooning

Mrs Dag Hammarskjöld could be mistaken for the young President of the United States. Her great-grandfather has become the super-pacifist. He seems to be putting all the American eggs in the United Nations basket, and as Mr Hammarskjöld so far has agreed to practically everything that Colonel Nasser has demanded.

My own view is that the Eisenhower-Hammarskjöld honeymoon will not last too long.

The President is still liked with Sir Anthony Eden. (He regards the Suez adventure as a personal affront and has



talked about letting the British and French stew in their own juice). But sheer American self-interest will drive the Americans back into the Anglo-French arms.

A long policy conference between our new Ambassador, Sir Harold Caccia, and the President will take place soon. It is about time.

Sir Harold, here several weeks, has not had a chance to confer at length and in detail. He has been cooling-kicking in a better word—his heels while Nehru was given the plushiest red-carpet treatment.

I saw Sir Harold the other day and was impressed. He is young, vigorous, experienced, and well informed. He is a good athlete and I hope he is a golfer.

We shall have to wait on results so far as the presentation of the British case is concerned.

I asked Sir Harold: "Do you plan innovations—something

different from your predecessors? Have you a blueprint for action to hit Page One?"

I cannot record the Ambassador's reply, but anyway, he knew the phrase "Page One," which is more than some of the mediocre men he has succeeded would have known.

This is a time of transition. Suez continues to plague the people's conscience and is respecting the nerves of the State Department and White House.

Staying

DAY after day the President is asked although in polite terms: "What is your Middle Eastern policy apart from saying nice things about dear Dag down at the U.N.?" and as no one has ever accused Eisenhower of deafness he must be hearing.

His tendency just now is to place more and more responsibility on Vice-President Nixon. Dulles, old and ailing, is being gently eased out.

The major foreign policy statements are now being made by Nixon ("Dollar aid to Britain and no recrimination") while Dulles holds the press conferences and takes the plane trips. For a man with the overwhelming self-esteem of John Foster Dulles, this is agonising, so perhaps Dulles will make an agonising reappraisal of his own position and depart from public life.

A Cabinet reshuffle would retire Dulles, promote Christian Herter, but Eisenhower and

Nixon would tell Herter what to do far more than they ever told Dulles.

Secretary of Defence Charles Wilson, who sacrificed two million dollars in General Motors profits when he entered the Cabinet, is expected to leave, but Secretary of the Treasury, George Humphrey, will probably stay. There will be the great shake-up and reshuffle.

I do not expect a reshuffle when meeting for a little while, but definitely that the possibilities which are essential before a conference of chief executives can take place have not been worked out.

Eden and Mollet are still regarded as back boys to be kept at the back of the class for a few more weeks, even though Eisenhower publicly proclaimed that it was their "manifest right" to act as they did and millions of Americans agreed with the Suez action (but now deplore its humiliating end).

Testing

THERE is probably less anti-British feeling here than there is anti-American feeling in Britain—and understandably—but there is no great public enthusiasm for a policy of pouring out more billions to Europe. Congress convenes early in the New Year and the Administration may have a battle to put over more loans and gifts. Tax cuts for Americans during 1957 are out.

Neither the public nor Congress shares the passion that

Eisenhower presently has for the United Nations. Their attitude is simple. The United Nations failure to regard Hungary was complete and absolute, and U.N. officials who preen themselves on the British and French capitulation to U.N. on Suez are living in a dream world.

The test this year will be of Eisenhower's leadership and the United Nations' effectiveness. The Anglo-American branch will be tested, but there will still be sharp sparring of pain, not of doubt, whether the President and the Prime Minister will ever lose their battle.

Of other American fronts there will be no peace. The stock market, the Harbours, the Ford, the Harrimans will continue to dominate. I think it probable that the Fort Robinson, the creation of one company, should have more dollars in the kitty than the British Treasury.

We are coming to an era when the giant American firms—Standard Oil, General Motors, United States Steel—are becoming wealthier and more powerful in their own right than some sovereign nations. Talk about colonialism or imperialism!

(COPYRIGHT)

A diver's dream come true!

"It has proved an indispensable accessory for all diving... D. Robinson, Vice-President of the Institute of Submarine Research, Canada."

"The Rolex Submariner has now been used on 14 expeditions, one of them being at a depth of 114 feet for 20 minutes. It has also been used in heavy brine and continues to work perfectly."

"I am more than satisfied with its performance." Captain T. A. Huxton, R.N., R.N.L.S., Master C.B. British Underwater Centre, Dartmouth.

"The claim that the watch is specially designed to overcome the peculiar problems of accurate timing while diving, particularly in respect of its compass features, was exactly borne out by the tests. No limit to the tests was made by the manufacturers, these being set by the Club to equate to the most extreme diving conditions likely to be encountered."

From the report of the test carried out by the British Sub-Aqua Club.

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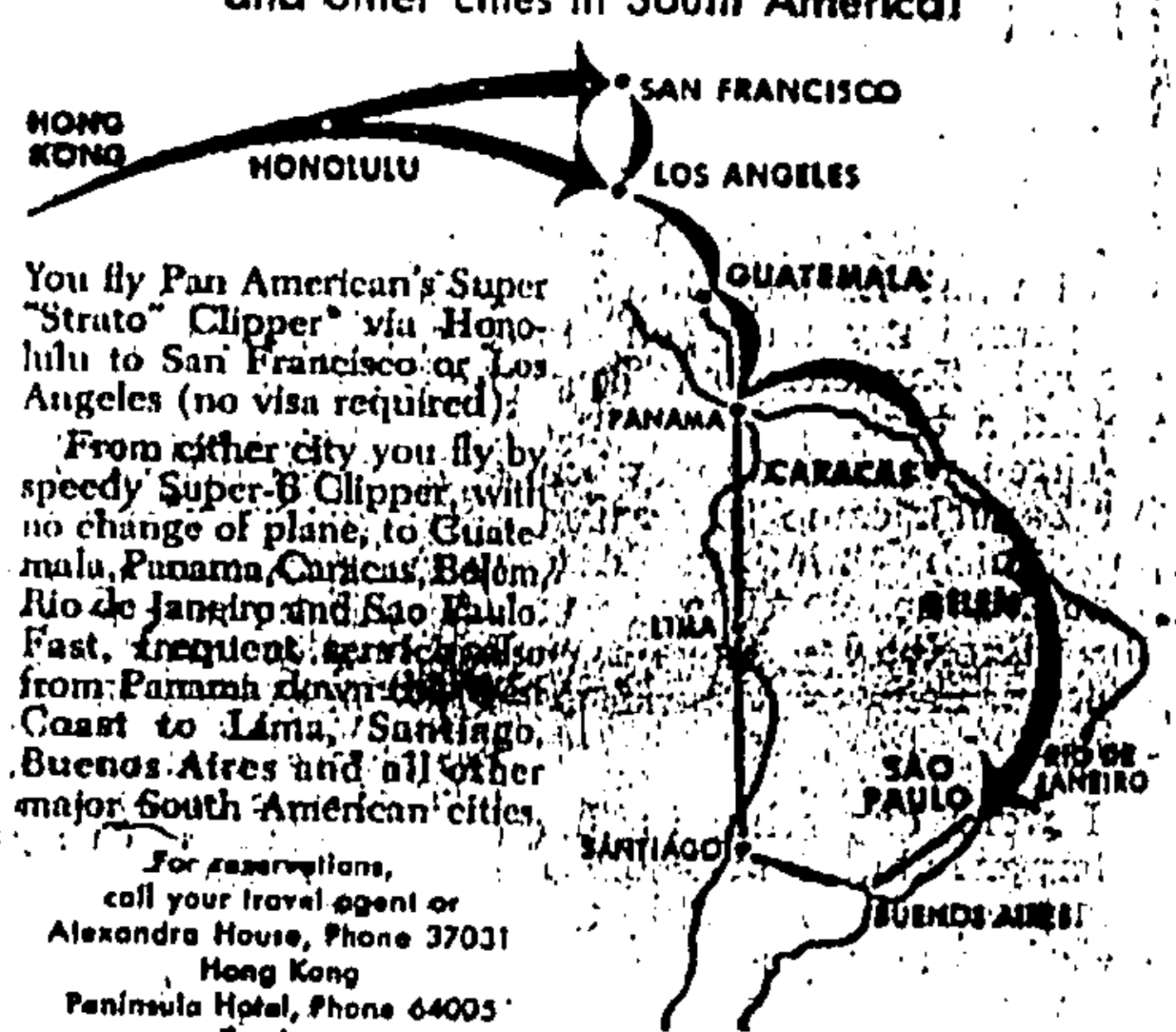
Quality Incomparable
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Sole Distributor: DODWELL & COMPANY LIMITED.

Direct one-plane service from
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PANAMA CARACAS

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PAN AMERICAN
WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE
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M. CLAUDE HAS A NEW PLAN FOR THE CARTIER EMPIRE

PARIS NEWSLETTER from SAM WHITE

AT this season it seems appropriate to cast a glance at the affairs of Cartier's, the jewellers. Last week a Cartier married in Paris. It was a splendid affair and the reception which followed the wedding was almost a roll-call of Cartier's top clients throughout the world.

The bridegroom was 30-year-old Claude Cartier, who runs the New York side of the family business. The bride was 20-year-old Rita Salmons. Her father, Mr Ricardo Salmons, is a Sicilian by birth and now a U.S. citizen. He has been married twice, each time to an exceptionally wealthy American woman.

Mr Salmons lives most of the time in Paris and in Monte Carlo, where he is a gay and popular figure, known as Ricky. The most interesting aspect of this marriage is the considerable effect it is likely to have on the organisation of the Cartier business.

Just before Claude's father died during the war he entered into the following arrangement

with his two brothers: one would take the London business, another Paris, and he himself would run New York. For taxation reasons all three branches would be run as separate businesses.

Claude, who had been brought up in Hungary (his mother was a Hungarian countess), arrived in the U.S. shortly after the outbreak of war.

In 1944 he joined the U.S. Air Force and thereby automatically obtained U.S. citizenship.

After his father's death control of the business passed to his mother and it was only into the inheritance at the age of 26.

By that time he had developed a passion for such dangerous sports as bobbing and motor racing.

His New York driving licence was withdrawn for two years as a result of speeding charges. A moody and immensely self-confident young man, Claude is also a first-rate businessman.

He quickly made a shrewd discovery: that the oil boom in Venezuela offered splendid possibilities for the New York company.

He developed the Caracas branch and the Venezuelan capital, bursting with the new rich, now provides Claude with a turnover almost as big as that of Cartier's in London or Paris—and this in addition to the profits of the New York business.

However, Claude wishes to live in France. He has therefore proposed to his two uncles a new division of the Cartier empire with a share in the Caracas profits as the inducement.

WORKS OF ART

PICTURE POSTCARD salesmen who approach tourists in the Paris West End are not selling obscene postcards but only reproductions of masterpieces in the Louvre, according to the Paris chief of police in reply to requests that the salesmen should be driven off the streets.

prospect client, is only a piece of good salesmanship."

OWN MUSIC

TOP performer in Paris this season is crooner Gilbert Becaud, who is breaking all records at the Olympia musical hall. He has surpassed the attendance records put up by Eddie Constantine, Charles Trenet and Edith Piaf.

Becaud, a shy, fair-haired man of 29, writes his own music for lyrics written for him by poet Louis Amade.

NIGHTMARE JOB

THERE is a nightmare quality about the job Lady Ismay, wife of the retiring NATO Secretary-General, Lord Ismay, has to do in Paris.

The job is that of playing hostess to 15 foreign ministers or ambassadors at recurring intervals, the 15 being the representatives of the NATO powers.

This meant that when wives of senior NATO officials were also invited to the dinner parties there were never fewer than 45 people.

The problem was rendered even more complicated by the fact that the house supplied to

the Ismays was unsuitable for entertaining on such a scale—guests at the larger dinner parties had to be distributed over three different rooms—and that the permanent staff of the house numbers only six.

MYSTERY HOUSE

The house is in a cul-de-sac off the Bois de Boulogne and both it and some of its neighbours pose something of a mystery.

The Ismay house was found for them by the French Foreign Office, but the Foreign Office refuses to reveal anything of its past history.

Laval is known to have had property in the cul-de-sac, but it certainly was not the Ismay house. A neighbouring house to that of the Ismays was let for several years to different groups of Ethiopians.

Then a "For Sale" notice appeared outside but prospective customers who wished to examine the interior were forbidden admission by the caretaker.

LIMITATION

NATO Secretary-General designate Paul Henri Spaak: "The trouble with my English is that I know how to speak it, but I don't know how to write it."

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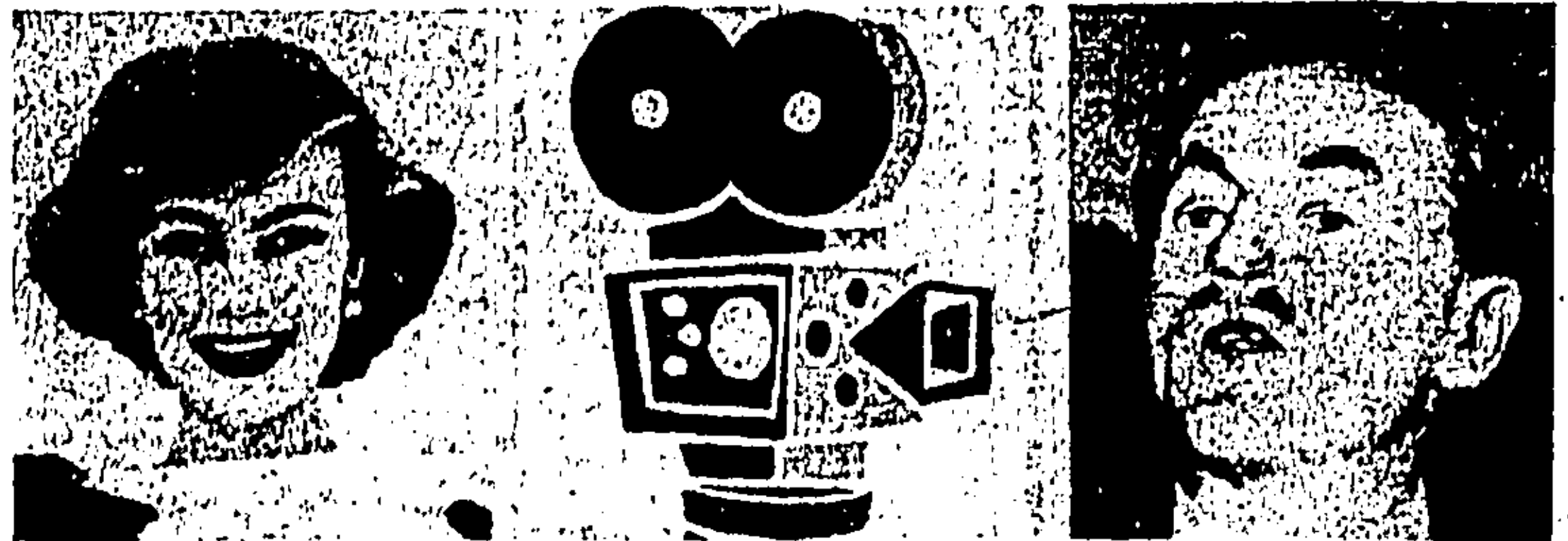
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The trouble with my English is that I know how to speak it, but I don't know how to write it."

Exactly what it's like—taking a film test for Zanuck in CINEMASCOPE

by JEAN DAWNAY

READERS who first met Jean Dawnay through her book — "MODEL GIRL" — know her to be a person of frankness, honesty — and no "line-shooting." Since publication of "MODEL GIRL", millions have seen her on "What's My Line?" Now comes A Film Test For Jean Dawnay. This is her personal account of an experience about which thousands of people must have wondered: "I wonder what it's like . . ."



THE GIRL (JEAN DAWNAY)... THE CAMERA... AND THE MAN (ZANUCK)

THE thing that started it all was a meeting I had with film director Gregory Ratoff.

Apparently Mr Ratoff liked what he saw because he passed my name on to Darryl Zanuck and suggested a test.

Three weeks ago when Mr Zanuck came to London to finish filming Alec Waugh's novel, "Island in the Sun," his secretary called me to Claridge's Hotel.

I went expecting to find a large, bald, cigar-smoking film mogul who would fire questions at me and make me wish I had not come. Instead, I found a small, wavy-haired, good-looking man who looked more like a retired English colonel.

It was arranged I should do a test in about two weeks' time. I asked what I should wear, and Mr Zanuck said something completely simple like a jumper and skirt.

SIMPLE

SO far, so good. Everything seemed very simple. A week later somebody rang me from the studio and said I would be doing the test the following Friday.

So I began to get rid of my early and get rid of the bags under my eyes; but on the Tuesday they telephoned again to say the test had been put forward to Wednesday.

I was in a panic. When could I get my hair done? They said it could be done at the studio but I wanted to go to my own hairdresser.

What was I going to wear? I sent the skirt and sweater. I'd decided on the cleaner, and they would be back until Thursday evening.

Well, I'd just have to fix up something else, so I rushed off to that well-known chain store, bought a couple of new sweaters, and decided I'd wear the bottom half of a four-year-old Dior dress as a skirt.

On Wednesday I woke up feeling sick at the thought of the test, so I filled myself up with those new calming pills.

At 11.30 a large car arrived to take me to the studio.

I asked the chauffeur to stop at a sweet shop for me to buy some peppermints as I'd eaten garlic for lunch the day before (before they'd sprung it on me about the changed schedule), so just in case I was expected to do a torrid love scene or something I was well prepared with peppermints.

MASON

AT the studio the driver took me into a large building and telephoned for somebody to come and take me to my dressing-room.

I was tickled pink to see my name in large letters on the door—admittedly only on cardboard, whereas the next dressing-room had large letters painted on the actual door, and on the other side of me I read "MASON, GERALD."

After I had left my case I was taken downstairs to Mr Dave Aylott, the make-up man. It was rather like going to the dentist's surgery. There was a huge chair with a head-rest, and lots of instruments, brushes, tweezers, pots, and pencils laid out—scrupulously clean and tidy, and Mr Aylott wearing a white jacket.

LASHES

AFTER cleaning my face with cleansing milk he smoothed on a stick make-up with a sponge moisture in glycerine (that was a new one on me, I've always used water), then brushed some dark-brown paint over the bumps on my nose making it look slimmer and straighter.

Then we came to the eyes, and the fitting of false lashes. This, for lunch. And then soon after a tall, handsome man came and told me it was time for the test (he turned out to be Michael Birkett, an assistant director).

We stopped on the way to have my face repowdered and lipstick touched up—suddenly my hair which I had been fiddling with for ages seemed all wrong and I wanted to change it completely, but it was too late now.

I was being led like a lamb along corridors and out into the foggy afternoon across to the "Island in the Sun" set, on which they had just that moment finished shooting, so there were hundreds of technicians standing idly around.

I was very conscious of all eyes upon me as I climbed some temporary stairs built to an upstairs set that they had constructed in the studio.

It was a very realistic-looking, elegant drawing-room leading to a bedroom and bathroom. There are lamps which were on ere far stronger than anything I had ever experienced in modelling or TV.

QUESTIONS

ANOTHER assistant director called Jerry O'Hara told me not to worry and to remember that as it was a test one could always start over again if anything went wrong.

He gave me a typewritten sheet with a few questions they were going to ask me: What is your name? Is this your first screen test? Tell me something about your career as a model, etc., etc.

I was shown what I had to do: walk through the main door of the drawing-room, look around the room, then to the telephone and dial. Afterwards I was to cross to the mirror and look at myself, then sit down and begin to look at a book, after which they would "cut," then come in close for this interview.

It all sounded very simple, and would have been if the effects of the pills was not beginning to wear off, leaving me with a stiff-with-fright feeling. As I went through it once or twice then they said "All right, we'll shoot the next one."

I was sent to my position out of sight behind the drawing-room entrance. Somebody called out "Quiet" then "Lights" and I was the director said, "Right, and on—on I want very close."

scious of the sudden dead silence all round.

It went fairly smoothly, and when I got to the book bit the director said "Cut." Just like they always do in the films I've seen about films.

Then a short halt, and then they started shooting the interview. Again that awful quiet, and my voice sounded very strange breaking the silence. It went low and flat and I was horribly conscious I was making a mess of the whole thing.

I was asked to look up at a picture on the wall to my left, then at some ornament on the wall to my right, then to turn back and smile. I couldn't manage to smile, it just would not come.

Then came "Cut," and it was all over. Suddenly everyone started talking at once and what a relief it was. And, on how I wanted to do it all over again and make a better job of it.

Now all I have to do is wait for the result.

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Where the men are confirmed bachelors, no wonder thousands of the girls are emigrating

A NATION IS LOSING THE WILL TO MARRY

By RICHARD POLLOCK

IRISHMEN are born bachelors. And they'll do anything to avoid being "hooked." That is the simple explanation I have been given for the alarming fall in Ireland's marriage rate—now the lowest in Europe.

At the age of 30, only two out of five Irishmen have settled down with a wife.

The result is that Irish girls are being forced to go abroad to seek husbands. Twenty thousand leave the country every year, and within six months many of them have found a prospective husband.

I was in Ireland shortly after the latest statistics were issued, and I recall the public lament of the Bishop of Cork: "The will to marry in the land is almost gone."

I talked to dozens of young people—men and women—in Munster and in Leinster, in Dublin and in the small towns and villages.

And the viewpoint of the average young girl in Eire was crystallised to me best by a Wexford girl of 24.

"They are just afraid of marriage and of the responsibilities that go with it," she added.

The average man's attitude was summed up by an Irishman of 32, tall and handsome. This man holds an all-Ireland medal for Gaelic football, and in Count Cavan he is a hero.

"Get married? Sure, I'd love to. But how could I afford it? I need my car. I'm a member of two golf clubs, and I have to go out a lot and be sociable with the boys."

"I know plenty of nice girls, but if I got married—well, I wouldn't have to give up a lot, wouldn't I now?"

This man's attitude is typical of the young Irishman who is determined not to get "hooked."

It is both a selfish and a scared attitude, and there is no

doubt that the great majority of Irishmen suffer from it.

This was confirmed to me by Dubliner Mrs Biddie Brewster, who runs the only approved marriage bureau in Eire.

Some of the Irish bachelors on her list have been waiting for as long as three years.

"I try to match them, time after time, with what I consider a suitable partner, but they keep coming back with some excuse or other."

I heard of another important factor, too. The average Irish girl saves her money, and has a dowry of about £300 or so—whereas the average Irishman has nothing in the bank, what with the money he spends on horse racing, dog racing, and drink!

No wonder so many girls emigrate from Southern Ireland!

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Your breakfast gives you away . . .

By EILEEN ASCROFT

GOOD HEARTY MEALERS . . . bacon and eggs, sausages or kippers, marmalade, toast and butter, tea or coffee.

The energetic extrovert, who likes to get things done. Does not worry unduly or suffer with nerves. Usually very healthy and a sound sleeper. A good debater, but quick to forgive an inquiry.

Example: Conductor Sir Malcolm Sargent likes "a fairly large breakfast before rehearsals." Eats in bed while he answers his letters. Varies the main dish each day.

Cautious

CEREAL EATERS . . . cereal with milk and sugar, tea or coffee.

The cautious character, who likes to consider a problem carefully before making up his mind. Prides himself on keeping fit and in good trim. Usually kind and patient, with a nice sense of humour. Fond of children and animals.

Example: Film star Donald Sinden ALWAYS has breakfast "even if it makes me late for the studios." He finds

THE kind of breakfast you eat is a key to your character. It was dietitian Vivian Sorsbie who told me so. After ten meetings she guessed my normal breakfast . . . orange juice and black coffee. I asked a psychiatrist about this. 'Yes,' he said. 'People's eating habits are largely governed by their temperaments. After talking to a patient for 10 minutes I could guess fairly accurately how he likes to start the day.' Try it for yourself. Pick out your normal breakfast from the examples below, then see if the character reading matches up with your own.

coffee "too soupy in the mornings," and prefers tea and "an ENORMOUS plate of cereal."

A rebel

BARE MINIMUM . . . fruit or juice, with tea or coffee. The rebel, who reacts against ordered domesticity and routine jobs. Lots of energy here for things they like to do, very little if they are not interested. Stimulating companions, but don't take easily to humdrum married life.

Example: Actress Elizabeth Taylor rises late and breakfasts around 10 or 11 a.m. Takes tea or coffee "according to my mood," likes a tin of fruit with cream. "Usually prunes, but occasionally I lash out and have mandarin oranges instead."

Conscientious

TEA AND TOASTERS . . . tea, toast, butter and marmalade. The is the self-sacrificer, the conscientious person who prides himself on doing a good job and

giving value for money. Often drives himself too far and suffers accordingly. A loyal friend and married partner.

Example: Battersea Beryl Grey breakfasts on "whole-meal toast and tea, sometimes with the addition of fruit."

Artistic

CONTINENTAL STYLE . . . rolls and coffee, butter and marmalade or honey.

The artistic type, more interested in things creative than material. Usually generous and warm-hearted, but not good at budgeting or saving. Likes the gay things of life like good food, music and dancing.

Example: French actor J.-L. Louis Barrault—now appearing in London—eats a scanty Continental breakfast of coffee and rolls. "That is when I am in London. In France I have biscuits (a cross between a biscuit and a bun) instead of rolls." (COPYRIGHT)

DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING?

THIRTY-ONE is a good age. People still call you "Young man." You feel you can snap your fingers under anybody's nose. Your face has acquired those wrinkles that girls put down to experience.

But the day-dreams have faded. At heart, every man is something of a Walter Mitty.

Once, I dreamed of becoming the youngest captain in the Navy or the most popular portrait painter in London.

Uncertainty

UNTIL I was 30 I could see myself clearing virgin land in the Yukon or sailing a trading schooner through the South Seas.

London.

At 31 the way ahead has become clear through the exciting mirages of uncertainty. Now I know that my own particular fragment of destiny will remain where I work here in London. In Fleet Street.

I am not sorry. This tough, generous, acute, warm-hearted street has been my university. Here I have learned about people.

From here I have set out to the ends of the earth. To Fleet Street I have always been glad to return.

They say that Fleet Street is cynical. The hard, wide-cracking reporter with his hat on the back of his head. The editor with the cigar and the green eyeshade.

But it is not really like that. Certainly Fleet Street is tough—it has to be. Certainly it can be ruthless—every money-making business must be.

There are bad journalists and bad newspapers, just as there are good. And here you



EXCLUSIVELY from people under 40 this New Year invitation to answer in detail: do you know where you're going? Those invited: people of ambition—some well-known writers, some from different spheres, entirely. The invitation is accepted first by a writer whose recent series in the China Mail, "The Sky People," commanded widespread praise

by TOM POCOCK

can find cynicism. But it is usually on the surface. The reporter who is cynical to the core is a bad reporter.

What is cynicism? Just the bright, paper-thin defence of an unsure mind.

I know two cynics. One a famous artist. The other a fashion model.

HE SAYS: "Only one thing can carry you through life and that is your own guts and courage. I believe in nothing but my own courage."

SHE SAYS: "I only believe in what I can see."

Disaster

I PITY them. I hope that my own way ahead is not theirs. For him, there may be waiting only the struggle of his unsupported courage alone against disaster.

For her, there is a brief, butterfly life as hollow as her candy-striped halibot.

These two people believe only in themselves. In what else can they believe?

For the devoutly religious there is no problem. They deeply believe in the promises of their religion.

But for those who cannot share the comfort of secular religious conviction, those puzzled by the conflicting claims of churchmen, those baffled by the immense facts of infinity and eternally—what is there for them?

The Choice

CUT away the quarrelling and the quibbling, and get down to essentials. You can believe one of two things. Only two.

1 You can believe that man and his civilisation is a chemical accident. That, after

countless billion years of hot gas swirling through space, and after the millions of years in which this planet has crystallised and cooled and given birth to sluggish, unthinking life, man has arrived in a comparative moment of time. Man with his imagination and vision, his conscience and his sense of destiny.

But, you can believe, it is all an accident—signifying nothing.

2 Or you can believe that there is a purpose in the development of civilisation. That we are part of a great pattern that we cannot understand and is beyond the scope of our minds.

That we are working towards some goal beyond the horizon. That there is a greater thinking power than our own.

This I believe.

Foundation

ONCE you can believe this you have a foundation for your life and you have the essential basis for religious thought. Upon this foundation the structure of your life can be built.

It must be built according to laws. Where can they be found? The best set of rules can be found in the New Testament. Simple rules. Difficult to keep. But the best there are.

This sounds smug, I know. The cynic will say: "Why have rules if you are going to break them?"

I know two successful writers who believe this. They are both young and they like to think that they are so sensitive

and so special that rules which they believe apply to others do not apply to them.

But if they recognised the rules they would not have lost their moral sense.

They would know when they had done wrong and been faced with the difficult but stimulating challenge of the conscience. They would be happier, stronger men. They might fail to keep to the rules—but it would have been worth trying.

The Rules

I BELIEVE that our troubles today stem directly from the fact that men, while paying lip service to moral laws, ignore them or refuse to apply them to themselves.

I believe that capitalism, unless it constantly changes with the ideas of civilisation, is surely doomed.

I believe that malignant Communism sprung up only because Christian laws were treated as so many sentimental Christmas card mottos.

This is simple stuff. But that is what we need. We have got so enmeshed in trivial mazes of our own making. We need to study carefully the basis of our beliefs. On that we can build. We need to accept a set of rules.

They will give the guidance. Guidance in practical, everyday affairs.

I believe, I know the right way ahead. I know, too, that it is the difficult way, and that I may not be up to it. But I believe it is the only way.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



THE CHOICE



THE CHOICE



THE CHOICE



THE CHOICE



THE CHOICE



THE CHOICE



THIS OIL STRIKE CAN FREE EUROPE

By GRAHAM CATHORNE

who weighs up news of a "truly spectacular" oil strike in Southern Algeria, bordering on the Sahara, a discovery which a French official described as "far and away the most important made anywhere in the world for a quarter of a century."

It is a discovery of complete European importance at a time of Middle East and American supplies. But this is the biggest thing that has happened in Europe since the war.

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AS EMERGENCY

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TUNIS DANCER

Another way to the might of the oil strike, though the discovery is a discovery of complete European importance at a time of Middle East and American supplies. But this is the biggest thing that has happened in Europe since the war.

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ARAB NEEDS

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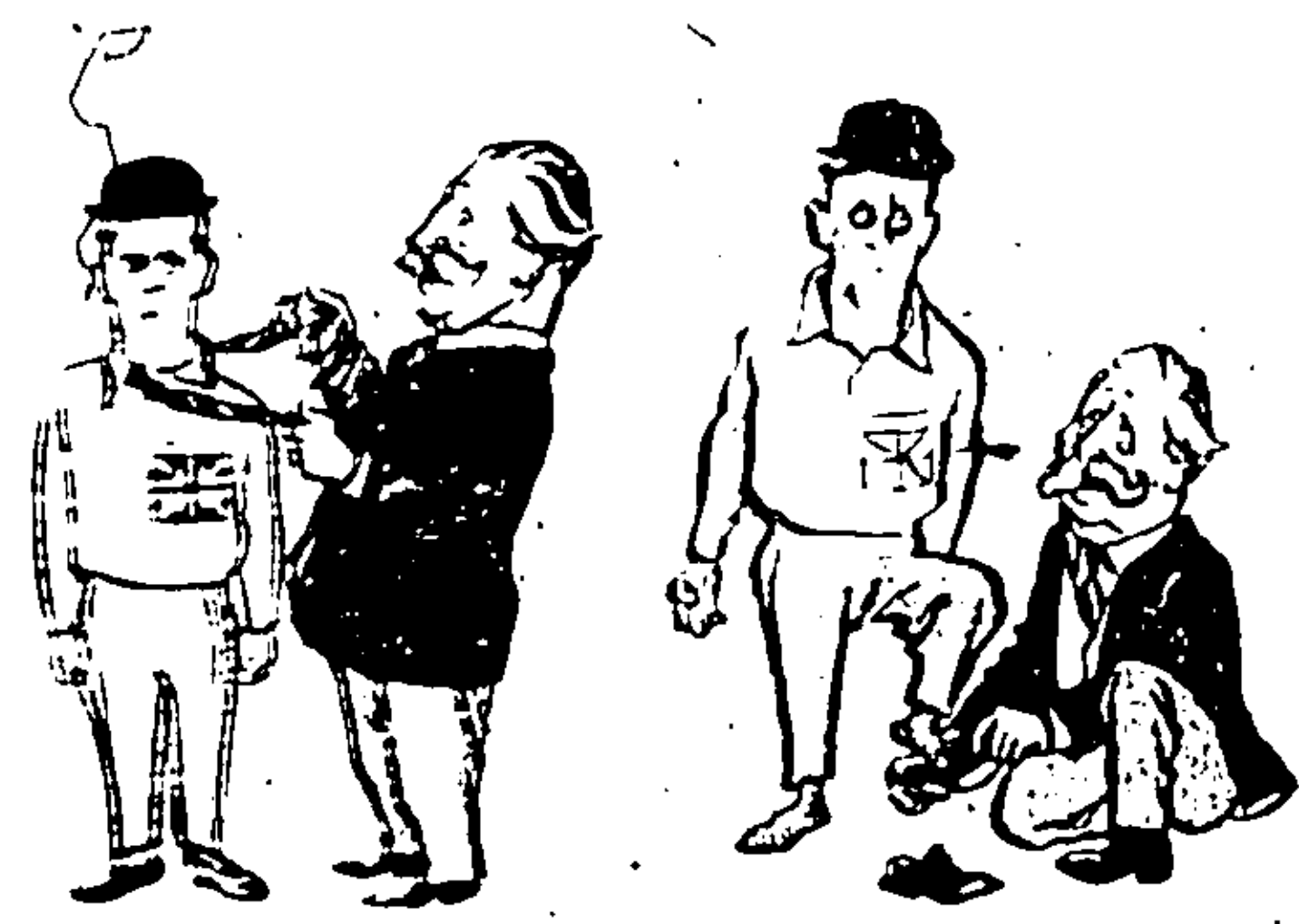
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THE 'MAC-STRIP' TEASE'

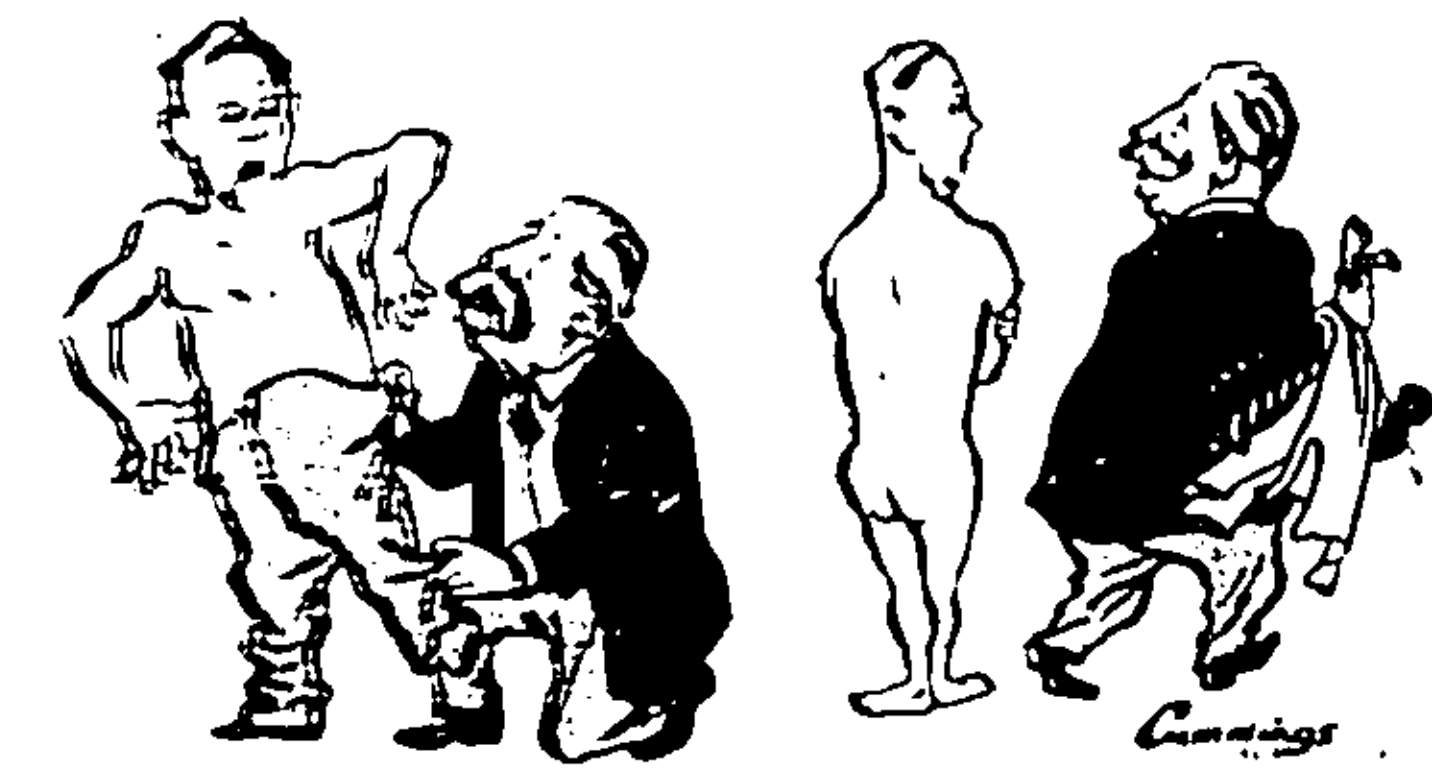
by Cummings



"...And shoes—just a mere eight per cent..."



"...And the shirt—no more than a mere fifteen per cent..."



"...And anyway, after the crisis is over I'll give you a fig leaf!"

"You may be suffering because you do not enjoy life enough"

THAT HEADACHE? JUST HAVE FUN

MISS MARSHALL came to see me about her headaches. "I don't know why I get them," she said. "I lead a very regular life. I don't smoke and I hardly ever have a drink."

"And I get to bed early. So it's not from a hectic life or anything like that. But every now and again, usually in the evening, I feel as if I have a metal band tight round my head."

YOU'LL BE RIGHT

Like a hawk, a few sizes too small, I thought. I thought she considered me fat when I recommended that she should have a little more now and again, indulge in the occasional drink, go to a few dances, and generally let herself go.

Many people suffer from headaches simply because they are not enjoying life enough. That is what I was suggesting. Miss Marshall's headaches were due to the fact that she was too good for her own good. As the doctor of the century said:

ing blood to the brain. But these alterations can be triggered off through emotional stresses. When you ring up your girl friend and she says mournfully on the telephone, "Sorry, dear, but I can't make it tonight—I have such a headache," don't assume she is being untruthful. But your assumption that basically she does not want to see

By CEDRIC CARNE

you may well be right—though she might protest, most sincerely, that that is far from the case.

The fact is that headaches can protect people from doing what they don't want to do—though in their own minds they may think they want to do it.

If you have regular headaches ask yourself: (1) Do you like your work? (2) Are you content with your social and domestic life?

"I've been to an oculist and he reckoned there was nothing wrong. I know you think my headaches are a result of my emotions being in chains, but I'd like you to take my blood pressure."

But her headaches did not sound like those associated with high blood pressure.

Blood pressure headaches are usually present on waking, and everything which raises the blood pressure further—exercise, mental and physical tension—increases the severity.

As the day wears on, however, the headache generally diminishes.

QUITE NORMAL

Sometimes it is difficult to differentiate the headache of high blood pressure from migraine—but the migraine headaches do not tend to recur each morning and blood pressure headaches are rarely on one side of the head only, as migraine often is.

Indeed, as I suspected, Miss Marshall's blood pressure was quite normal.

SHOULD LITTLE BILLY HAVE BEEN WILLIAM IV?

WHEN Mr Pitt, the Prime Minister, went out to Blackheath to dine with the Princess of Wales a year or so before the Battle of Trafalgar, one thing irritated him.

He could not help frowning when the footman brought in a lovely baby who was held up by his breeches over the desert and allowed to choose what he wanted.

He bawled, kicked the wine over and eventually started howling for a spider on the ceiling. They tried to divert him by offering him a variety of playthings, but he insisted on the spider. "Then," recorded Mr Pitt's niece, "there was such a culling of footmen and long sticks and such a to-do."

NO CROWN

The child, known as "Little Billy" or "Wilkins," presumably got the spider. What he did not get, when he grew up, was the Crown of England. Ought he to have done? Ought he to have been our King William IV? It is an interesting question.

Officially, he was William Austin, the son of a sail-maker at Deptford, whom Caroline, Princess of Wales, had adopted. Nobody doubted that she was very fond of him. He had never left her from the time that he was born (more or less) till the time that she died.

She left him all her money and property and he accompanied her body to Burnwick for her burial.

The general who received the cortege immediately recognised him and roundly said that he was not William Austin but the son of a German prince.

LOVE AFFAIR

It is probable that the prince in question was Louis Ferdinand, nephew of Frederick the Great, who was killed fighting against Napoleon in 1806. It was common knowledge that Prince Louis had been in love with Caroline and she with him before she was sent to England to marry the Prince of Wales.

He had visited her secretly at Blackheath. Mrs Fitzherbert asserted that Louis and Caroline were in

fact husband and wife and that the marriage certificate was in existence; and Caroline herself told her lawyer that "William Austin" was Prince Louis's child—though she said that the mother was a lady of the German court and that the infant had been brought over to her in England in 1803 by the Prince's orders.

But the rumour, backed by considerable evidence, that whoever the father may have been, Caroline herself was the mother of "Little Billy" was so strong that the King, George III, ordered the matter to be probed by the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice and other discreet investigators. These eminent servants of the Crown held what is known in history as the "Delicate Investigation" and arrived at the conclusion that, as far as Caroline was concerned, "the facts of pregnancy and delivery are to our minds satisfactorily disproved."

DOUBTFUL

It was the inevitable official finding, but it is doubtful if anyone privately accepted it. Caroline admitted later to her lawyer that she had made fools of the investigators and her husband, George, Prince of Wales, certainly believed that "Little Billy" was her son.

He forbade Princess Charlotte, his own daughter by Caroline, ever to see the boy when she went to Blackheath to visit her mother, because "from two points of view he was an improper companion for her." One of the points

• Was William Austin the son of a sail-maker or of Princess Caroline—and therefore heir to the throne of England? That is a secret that may lie in a chestful of documents immured at Windsor since 1935.

by HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

of view was surely that he was her half-brother.

He went, however, further than that. On Christmas Day, 1814, he sent for Charlotte and told her, in the presence of his sister Mary, as a witness: "As long as I live this boy can be of no sort of consequence, but if I should die, then the boy may be a very serious misfortune to you as well as the country." Some weeks later, he wrote to Charlotte that there could be no doubt "that the time may come when she will exert her utmost efforts in favour of the boy."

How could this be? Even if "William Austin" were proved to be Caroline's son, nobody supposed he was George's. He was, that is to say, patently illegitimate. Yet, because legally if a husband was in the Kingdom ("within the four seas") he was presumed to be the father of his wife's

children unless it could be proved that access was impossible or that he was impotent. George would have to assume paternity and Little Billy would eventually, if he lived, land on the throne.

That, surely, was what Caroline meant when, in answer to those who said that she was the child's mother, she retorted: "Prove it and he will be your King." The question turned on whether or not "access" was impossible.

Lady Douglas, whose charges against Caroline led to the "Delicate Investigation," swore that when Caroline had told her of her pregnancy, though she would not reveal the father's name, she said she hoped it would be a boy and that "if it was discovered she would give the Prince of Wales the credit of being the father for she had slept two nights at Carlton House within the year."

BRANDED A LIAR

And though Lady Douglas was, by the findings of the Commission, branded a liar, the Government refused, when asked to, to bring perjury proceedings against her. They quite obviously dared not submit the matter to the test of trial and evidence.

And Princess Charlotte, entirely against her own interest, told her aunt Mary when she tried to reassure her by emphasising that Little Billy could be of no consequence while George was alive: "So my father thinks, but I am not so sure of that."

"But," said Princess Mary, "I believe the Prince can prove that he has not been for many years under the same roof as the Princess."

"The Princess of Wales," replied Charlotte, "has been at Carlton House since she had Blackheath."

It seems to me to be reasonable to assume that Little Billy, though actually the child of Prince Louis Ferdinand and Caroline, could have been shown to be "legally" the child of the Prince and Princess of Wales and thus the "legal" heir to the throne when George IV died in 1830.

EVENTUAL HEIRESS

If this were so, then he, not George IV's brother, should have been William IV; and his cousin, Victoria, should not have come to the throne until the year of his death 1840.

Queen Victoria, of course, was the eventual heiress, so the matter in no way affects the present succession. It is of historical interest only. And since the truth can harm no one, I cannot see why the chestful of documents which were taken from the Public Record Office and immured in the archives at Windsor in the July of 1935 should not be returned for an impartial investigation by historians. That the final proof of the matter is—or was—there, can hardly be doubted since it is with precisely these matters that the missing papers are concerned. And the withholding of them can only deepen suspicions that there may be more in the curious affair of William Austin than anyone has so far supposed.

On what grounds any by whom was he certified insane in Italy and put in an asylum in Milan in the autumn of 1841, which, by an odd coincidence, was the time when Queen Victoria gave birth in England to the future King Edward VII? Why was he moved from Italy to England in 1845 and put in a private asylum in Chelsea? The answer may be in the missing papers.

(The case of William Austin is dealt with greater length in Hugh Ross Williamson's "Enigma of History," to be published by Michael Joseph.)

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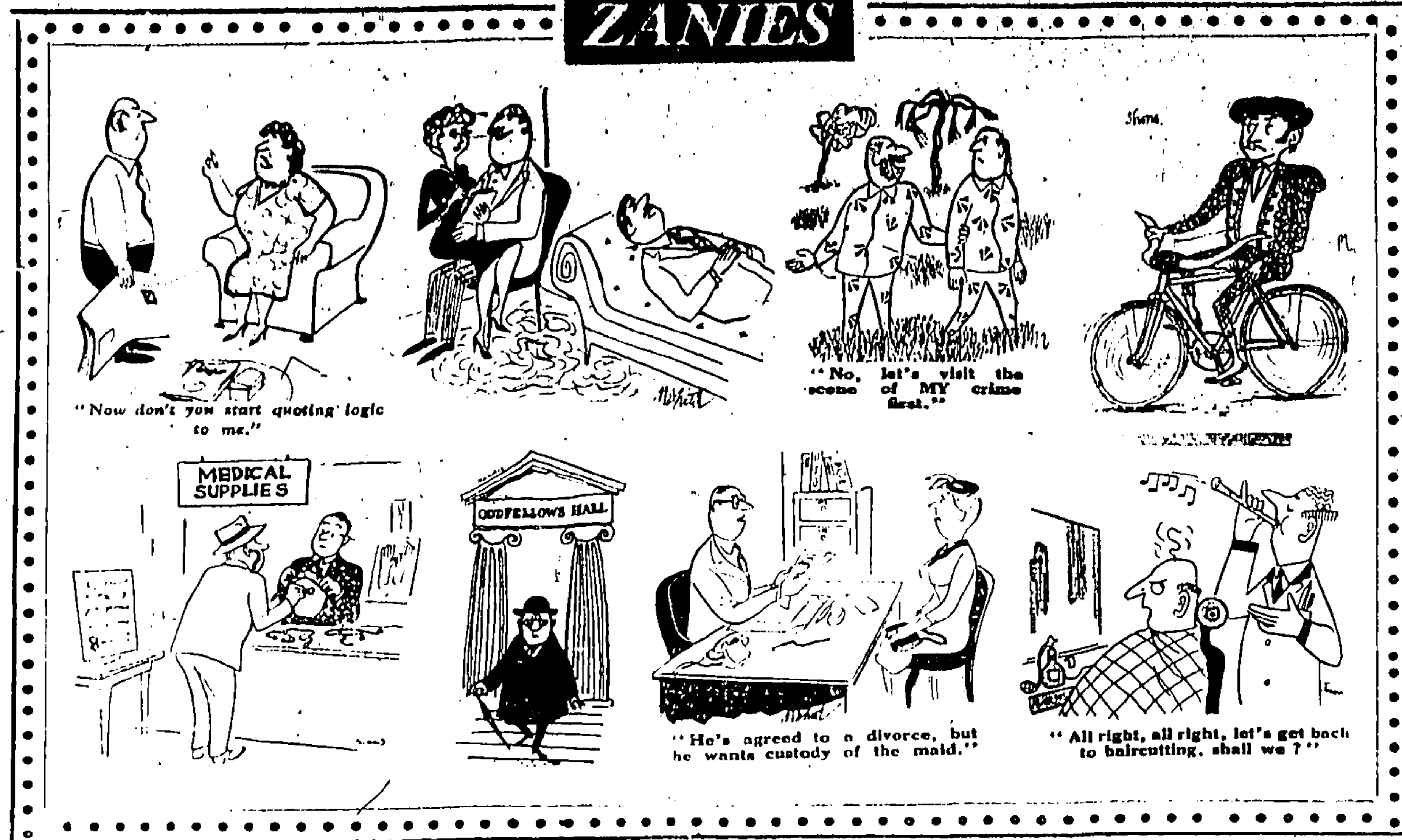
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ZANIES



LIMELIGHT takes a backward look at the people who made an impact in Show Business.

MY TOP TEN OF 1956

None are picked because they had MORE of something than anyone else... one because he had LESS

IN naming the Show Business Personalities of 1956, the main difficulty is picking people who have not already been picked in 1955, 1956, or 1957. The problem is to find personalities who still cause palpitations but do not yet suffer from them. So outstanding octogenarians are out.

Who does that leave? There are 10 people who have made an impact of one kind or another during 1956 that could be felt without the aid of a seismograph. Some of them did not make the kind of impact they had intended to make; some, I am sure, would rather not have made any impact at all; one or two of these can confidently look forward to making no impact whatsoever in 1957.

My Top Personalities demonstrated their superiority over others in their class by having more (of whatever it was that they had) than their nearest rival.

As far as CURVES are concerned, there is no doubt that Marilyn Monroe had more of them than any of the other contenders in this field. On her even the blue stocking that she has now taken to wearing looks good. The British public was ready to condone her excursion into the realms of higher thought as long as she did her high-thinking in low dresses.

They were not so ready to condone the long distances (not to mention private detectives) that she put between herself and her public; seductiveness is not enhanced by stand-offishness.

Withdrawn

But as the new wife of a dedicated intellectual, Arthur Miller (the year's most notable exponent of brains), allowances were made for her. A girl who falls in love with intellect was bound to be a little withdrawn.

As a Monroe aficionado, I am prepared to be understanding: her story reveals that she has always been one character in search of an "author." It is understandable that when she found him, she should cling to him. But I sincerely hope that she does not allow Mr. Miller's

brains to go to her head. This would be a calamity—for her. For Mr. Miller, who sauntered, wiggled, undulated and insinuated their way into the orbit of this column included (in order of sexiness) Sophia Loren, Brigitte Bardot, Dorothy Dandridge, Elba Martinelli, Marlene Dietrich and Anita Ekberg.

From among these, I would name Loren as the PROVOCATION of the year. She is the most likely successor to Monroe when Marilyn eventually returns (with a professorship in Russian literature). She is admirably equipped to take over; not only does she have shape, she is also able to quote extensively and appreciatively from T. S. Eliot. The others will no doubt continue to saunter, wiggle, undulate and insinuate ad infinitum—if not longer (as Mr. Goldwyn might say).

The most STRIKING personality of the year was not Frank Sinatra (he didn't strike anyone—not even me) but Yul Brynner who proved that having less of something than any of your rivals—in his case less hair—can also create an impact.

No stunt

Mr. Brynner assured me when I met him that his drastic hairstyle was in no sense a stunt; that he shaved his skull every morning simply to save time and shampoos. He did not believe that men had to be handsome; whether we were unclad, fat, short, dark, fair, bald or hairy women loved us anyway as long as we were male.

As Mr. Brynner has established himself as a major star on the strength of one film and no hair, there may be something in what he says.

The most MESMERIC personality was Eartha Kitt, who looked like a Marlin Machiavelli and spent her free time, when she was not telling us that she had got that lovin' bug itch, writing a highbrow autobiography and attending literary luncheons.

The most EXPLOSIVE personality of the year was Anna May Wong, a mixture of MacArthur and Mao, who won an Oscar for her performance in "The Good Earth," despite saying

A young, penniless English writer, John Osborne, went one better and said that life stinks in a play called "Look Back in Anger" and became the most CONTROVERSIAL personality of the year. The danger in his case is that having reputedly made about £30,000 out of this one play he may find in 1957 that life doesn't stink quite so much and so have nothing more to say.

The outstanding HOAXER of 1956 was Rosano Brazzi who hit the headlines by, first, maintaining that he was the greatest Casanova since Casanova and, secondly, by denying it all—and producing his first wife, Lydia, as evidence of his respectability. It is not quite clear which of his two claims was the hoax.

And Mom

Another notable hoaxer was Liberace who managed to convince an amazingly vast number of people that he was a brilliant pianist. In his case it was not all done by mirrors, but with gold lame dinner jackets and Mom.

To him also must go the credit for the INGENUITY of the year when he chose to interpret the audience getting up to leave his concert as a "standing ovation." I said before that to qualify as one of my Top Personalities the person concerned must have more of something than anybody else; Liberace had more suits.

I will give Diana Dors the benefit of the doubt and not include her marital conflicts with husband Dennis Hamilton among the hoaxes of the year. Miss Dors, however, qualifies for inclusion in my list because she made the SPLASH of the year.

The water in her Hollywood swimming pool was not the only thing on which she made an (unexpected) impact in 1956. Whether she fell, jumped or was pushed on that highly publicised occasion is irrelevant; at any rate it was a christening that the world heard about and Britain, in an austere year, gained a reputation as an exporter of fancy goods.

Finally, the SMARTEST personality of the year was Noel Coward who departed to Bermuda thus avoiding the income tax man, the petrol rationing and the smog—and the first night of his latest play, "Blasted With Violence." He also averted being at the death-bed of his reputation as the "West End's smartest" Old Thing.



William Hickey

I HAVE between 30 and 40 neckties. A friend of mine, a fanatic, has 150.

I went along to a West End hotel where the Tie Manufacturers' Association was holding a meeting to find out what they are planning for us.

Mr. Frederick A. Ruhlman, a past president, told me that a thing called the "white walk" style is what men will all be wearing soon.

He said: "These ties are made with a black and white warp which gives a light ground effect. It is the latest thing—very good for the business because they get dirty quickly."

He laughed over his joke. I didn't. And the maker of the original "Slim Jim" (string) tie, Mr. Sidney Davis, said this: "Ties will be slimmer, and the latest slim tie is called a 'Bobtail' or 'Italian.' It's narrow with a square end."

ROCK AROUND...

A MAN who wants to brighten up the business man's life in London is Harry Smith-Hampshire, a dance teacher.

He is going to hold lunch-time rock 'n' roll sessions for business men—"keep them fit"—and has sent invitations to all the firms around.

London. I asked him if he has sent an invitation to his next-door neighbour. He laughed: "I'd hardly dare do that."

Smith-Hampshire's dancing school is next door to Lambeth Palace—London home of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

AFTER WORK
AND here is a plan to brighten up the City of London at night... I'm glad to hear of it, too, for the City is as dead after 7 p.m. as any provincial city.

Captain Leo Ponté, a whisky importer, and members of the Wallbrook River Club plan to sing fashion shows after work for business men and business women... yacht races on the Thames on summer evenings... parties on barges.

EATING—1
SOME of you may remember the days when oysters cost 2s. a dozen.

I don't. But I had the fact recalled for me by Mr. Charles Lines, clerk of works at St. Paul's Cathedral.

Oyster shells have been found under the black-and-white marble flooring at the west end of the cathedral, which is being replaced by workmen.

"Nothing very unusual," said Mr. Lines. "We occasionally find oyster shells in small groups. They were used for bedding the stones."

"I suppose about 50 or 100 years ago oysters cost about 6d.

Miss Herdsman is busy with Christmas 1958

• I TRY TO GET FIRST-HAND REACTIONS...

I SEE THE TROUBLE PEOPLE TAKE WITH

CHRISTMAS CARDS

AT the top of a two-flight Georgian staircase bristling with royal warrants, in a small room clearly marked "Cashier's Office," I found the white-haired editor of the nation's largest and oldest Christmas card firm.

But December 25, 1956, was a thing of the past for her. She was busy typing out 365 household hints for a 1958 calendar.

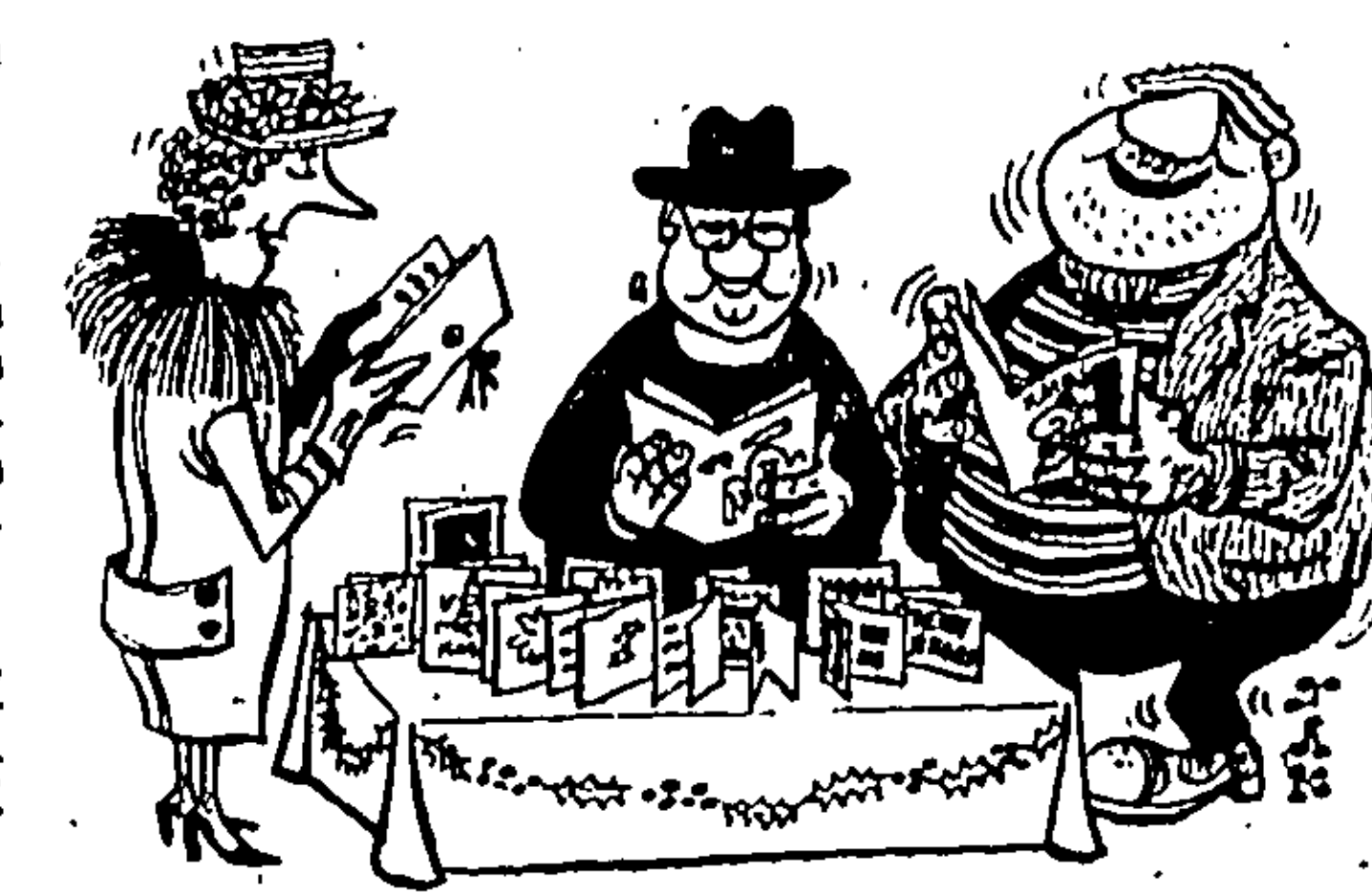
In navy pinstripe, grey woolly, and lilac, 65-year-old Miss Nora Herdsman has now been composing kindly thoughts and yuletide greetings, rhymed and unrhymed, for nearly 30 years.

"I started on calendars like this," she said, showing me a 1929 picture of Dick Swiveller with a wodge of tear-off dates below him, "and I had to find a suitable quotation for each day." Longfellow, Tennyson, Burns and the Bible provided first-class literary ammunition, but "schoolboy howlers" and "kitchen hints" were more difficult to find.

FIRST ATTEMPT

On the day when Dickens yielded a no fitting culinary phrase for a cooking calendar, Miss Herdsman made up her first verse.

When life is full of things to do,
And things to bolt and bake,
Remember it's the lightest heart
That makes the lightest cake.



BY ROMANY BAIN

"It's worried me ever since that it's not always true," she said.

The management realised they had a natural Laureate on the premises, and Miss Herdsman was rapidly promoted to the editorship, Christmas Card Section. She has been in full-scale production ever since.

"My house is full of bits of paper because I never know when I am going to find a batch of verses churning round in my head," she said.

For each design of bibulous coachman or firelit-cogitate-by-mustard's slippers, she provides a choice of four varied greetings. They include a dignified phrase of austere prose, a humorous jingle, and a couple of jolly holly rhymes to suit every sort of customer.

Miss Herdsman's inspirations adorn all the birthday, mother's day, and get-well-soon cards as well. "I think I enjoy writing Valentines as

much as any," she said, showing me an 1890 plush fringed model from her collection. "I can let myself rip on those."

Her first embossing moment in the firm was caused by her enthusiasm for February 14. Mr. Desmond Tuck, her new boss, called her in (as he still does) to read her latest composition aloud. It was for a card showing a rather over-ripe fruit sundae.

You are the cream on my strawberries,
And the peach on my Melba, too.
There are many sweet things in life, sweetheart,
But the sweetest of all is you.

"I would not have minded so much if the barber had not been lathering his chin at the time," she chuckled.

NOT IN TIME

Nowadays she is more hardened, but she still makes a point of standing behind customers in the shops to get first-hand reactions. "It shows me how careful I must be, and how much the message means, when I see the trouble people take. Though I don't suppose they choose them for the verses only," she added modestly.

There was no mention of rock 'n' roll in greetings this last Christmas, because, mercifully, it had never been heard of when Miss Herdsman and her colleagues invented them in 1884. And before the January bargains are off the store counters, the big-buyers will have chosen their card designs for Christmas, 1957.

This year a bigger percentage of the expected 50 million cards posted in Britain will have a religious motif, and at the moment a sophisticated simple card of Santa Claus and his sleigh leads the popularity poll in the shops.

ADVICE

Special category cards addressed to wives at 1s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. or teachers at 75d. ("And it's grand to have a teacher who's especially nice like you") are unfortunately expected to litter mantelpieces and TV tops in ever-increasing numbers.

"Plain words, nicely lettered, are what the public is looking for," said Miss Herdsman of her own contributions.

But if you are thinking of doing it yourself and using your own hand, take a tip from an old hand.

"Get something of the true spirit of Christmas, into every card, and if you are writing in rhyme, remember to put 'robin' in the middle."

(COPYRIGHT)

GOOD FOR BUSINESS: THEY DIRTY EASILY

a dozen. I remember 30 years ago they used to be 2s. a dozen."

"I'm... in the West End today you can pay for much as 25s. for half a dozen..."

EATING—2
STILL on the subject of a gracious calling, I talked to the daughter of the oldest importer of caviar in the country—91-year-old William White.

She told me: "My father is still working. He has been in the caviar business for 63 years and he has caviar once a week. 'He never has it with anything—says it spoils the taste. 'He attributes his age to his regular life—regular sleep, regular eating, plenty of work... and caviar.'"

I suppose it should have beneficial properties—at 25s. to 40s. for two ounces.

MOSCOW MANNERS

I HAVE discovered that the Russians have a 'Nancy' Milford—a male one. He is Comrade A. Pugis, a candidate of philological sciences, and a good Communist.

In an article published in Moscow, Comrade Pugis makes these class distinctions—

1. The left glove should be removed first. When putting them on, start with the left.

2. Your dress, suit, blouse, shirt, jacket, tie should be "in tone" when you go to a party.

RECOVERED

JUANITA FORBES, former wife of film star Anthony Steel, and one of the most beautiful models in London, is going back to work soon... just a few months after it was feared she would never model again.

Miss Forbes was taken to hospital with pneumonia nine months ago.

Three months later she was transferred to a Sussex sanatorium.

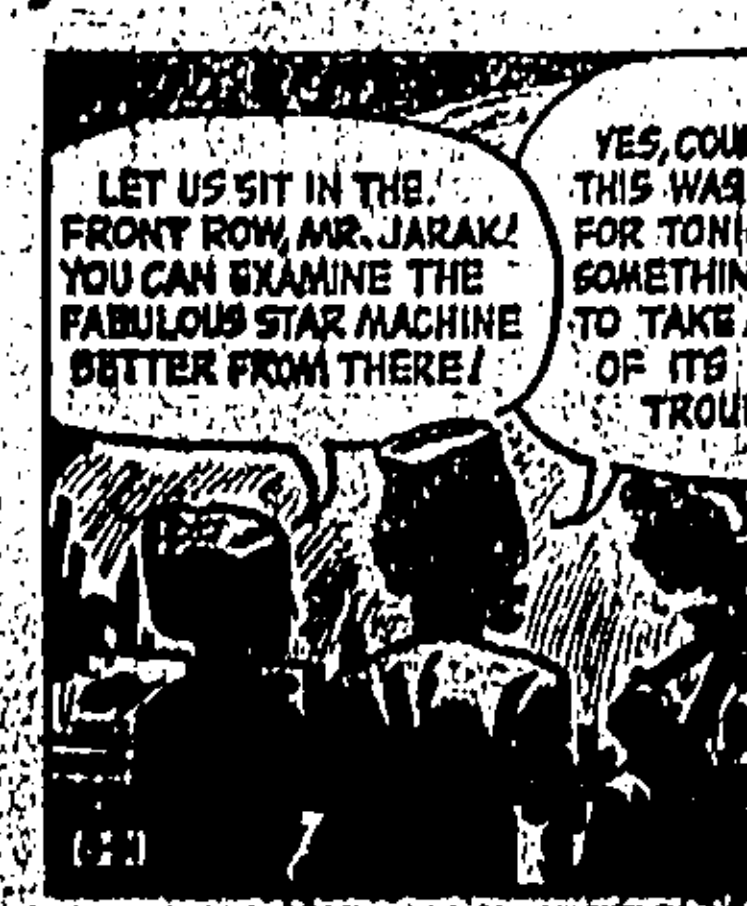
And she was warned she might have to take life very easily in the future.

I hear that Miss Forbes' once sought after both as a top fashion and an artist's model, is not to start fashion work immediately.

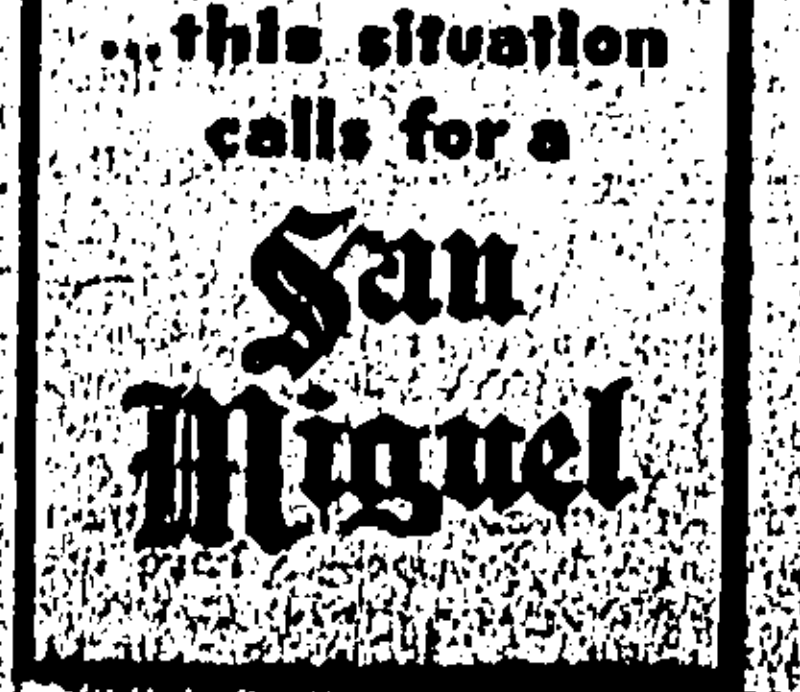
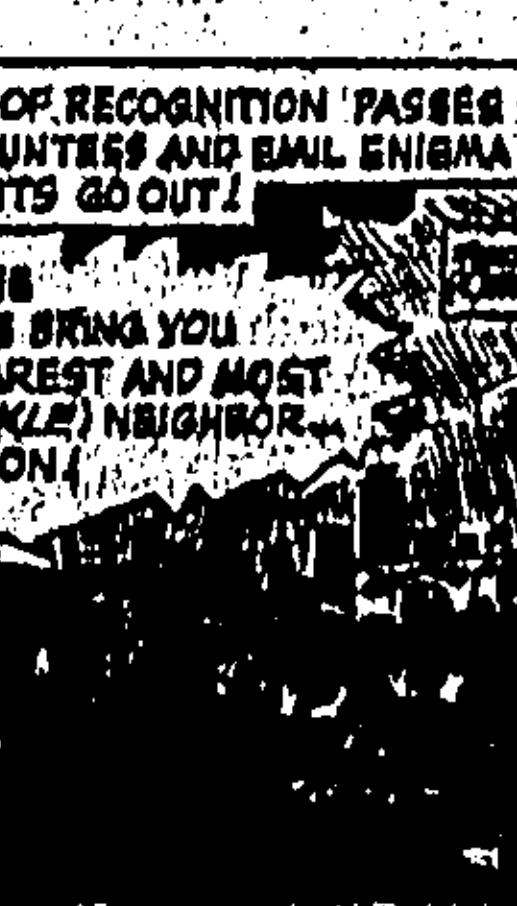
But she is out of hospital... and back again in the little terraced house in Chelsea which is her home.

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JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Party Dresses For Teenagers—Designed Along Two Lines



Lots of skirt for the thin girl's denim pinafore, worn over a red and white shirt.

Sleeveless in flatter, pretty shoulders, but cut comfortably high. A pleated sash.

Cut without a waist seam, all thick, shaved away in blue and green taffan.

In every dress its own petticoat. A high bodice, no sleeves, fabric an apple blossom print.

A kind line to plumpies of all ages, a princess dress in bright navy blue.

Sketches by Demachy

A 'waif's' wardrobe

BY ANNE SCOTT-JAMES

HAVING a secret jealousy of little waif-like women, I don't write for them as often as I should.

But as they make a formidable host (3,000,000 women in Britain of 5ft. 2ins. or less), I have buried my ill-feeling to study their fashion problems.

I have been talking to one of the best-dressed waifs in London—five-foot-two—Maureen Swanson, whose looks and charm are shooting her far.

Maureen Swanson soon confirmed what I had long suspected about waifs.

"I like to look romantic," she said, "but I must warn you, I'm frightfully competent. Don't let my little-girl-lost look take you in for a minute."

I thanked her for the warning.

A Point To Insist On

"Apart from liking romantic clothes, I think the important thing for small women is to insist on well-proportioned clothes. Go for a good waistline and as long-legged a look as you can get."

"Skirts, for instance. Day skirts must be short to make legs look longer. And for evening all my dresses are short or ballet length. Long skirts drown me in a tidal wave."

"Then I fight to get my dresses cut long enough in the bodice. Many ready-made dresses are too short-waisted."

She told me in detail how she selects her waif's wardrobe.

DAY CLOTHES. "I go for anything that gives a small waist. Skirts with short sweaters. Close-fitted dresses in smooth fabrics. Or very full dresses very nipped in. I don't agree that small women can't wear full skirts. I think they give importance."

COATS. "I never wear them, I'd much rather freeze. Coats seem to swamp me and I prefer to suffer in a good suit."

HATS. "I never wear them, but this is nothing to do with my height. It's because I like lots of romantic-looking hair. If I have to wear a hat, I have it black and minute so it doesn't show."

EVENING DRESSES. "Always short, and swathed or draped to give a beautiful waistline. For



Swathed waist, ballet length, barefoot shoes: three evening pointers for small women. Maureen Swanson (five foot two) goes dancing in a white slipper satin dress by Simonetta.

a wrap, just a stole—again, for good proportion. I don't worry about a little thing like cold arms."

SHOES. "Naturally, very high heels. And barefoot shoes make legs look longer. Even in the country I never wear flaties. I find country shoes with some sort of heel, and the country can frown as much as it likes."

ACCESSORIES. "Small, plain, and simple. I can't stand amusing accessories. Plain handbags, gloves, and perhaps just one piece of jewellery."

I found these fashion theories individual and refreshing—not all small women will agree with them.

But having seen Miss Swanson around a lot in the last few months, I promise you they work.

Teenage Fashions

Well, it's happened. I report good news for school-

girls... of the cleverest women in the fashion business—the blonde network, Miss Chanelle—has designed a special range of clothes for girls from nine to 17.

The best bit about it is that Miss Chanelle has red-headed caught on her own aged 15 and 16 she knows all the problems, and most of the answers.

SPORTSGIRLS GET A NEW DEAL

By HAZEL MEYRICK

UNTIL now, the girl who actually plays games, instead of standing around and watching them, has had a raw deal from the fashion designers.

Having found that the soft, flimsy dress which looks so sweet doesn't leave room to breathe, the girl who plays games has had to make do with a stiff, old-fashioned dress which she has to resort to dull but worthy garments which give her room to move around but which do nothing at all for her appearance.

A designer who has changed all this is Teddy Tingling, who makes clothes for Wimbledon tennis stars. He has now launched his own playclothes collection through a British dress manufacturer, and they are on sale all over the world.

There are good, woman-like sports outfits, designed with an eye on current fashion, and gay playclothes as well, for the not-too-serious sports like sunbathing and being seen on the beach.

ITS SECRET

For the girl who is keen on her game, Teddy Tingling has now perfected a sports shirt that, miraculously, looks well-fitting and sleek, and stays put, even when it wears is in the midst of battle on the tennis court. The secret of its success lies in the 10 cunningly-placed darts which fit and flatter you in action, without spoiling the shape of the shirt. It comes in many designs, and colours, and is equally good for the girl who just prefers to watch.

For the girl who likes to look decorative on the tennis court, and still play a good game, there is an abbreviated dress with an Empire line look about it, made in quick-drying spun Terylene. It has its own short coat, in transparent Terylene organza, banded with pale blue satin ribbon, to enable you to compete at tea interval time, with the spectators who have merely dressed up and draped them-

selves around the edge of the court.

Some new, tougher fabrics for sportswear are on the way. There is, for instance, an orlon and wool mixture, which makes a white pleated skirt possible for golf, which can be laundered in a jiffy and dries quickly without getting that yellowish tinge about it. There's a new Bedford cord fabric with a water-repellent, spot-resistant finish which doesn't mind if you finish your game in a rainstorm, and a tailoring weight cotton which looks box-fresh and refuses to crease.

MORE COVERED-UP

Playclothes, generally, are being given new stain-resistant finishes, and a good thing too, for what's the use of the snow-white sundress that looks like a dream the first time you step out in it, but obstinately refuses to shed, in the wash-tub, the inevitable spoils of the beach—tar marks, sea-weed stains and drips from ice-cream cones.

The beachwear look for 1937, incidentally, tends to be more covered-up. Better than the strapless sun-top, which has an unpleasant habit of coming adrift, is the cache-cœur—a bright, abbreviated bolero which is sleeveless, has a low-cut neckline to catch the maximum sunshine, and is darted to fit you closely. The cache-cœur can be worn on its own as a sun-top, with shorts or skirt, or can be buttoned over a plain dress to give it a gay look.

It's becoming more and more difficult to tell the difference between pyjamas for the beach and for the bedroom, between the frilly baby-doll play suit and the frilly baby-doll nightgown. As beach clothes revert to the lingerie look, and nightwear becomes bolder, it will soon be possible to play your beach clothes from the lingerie department, and vice versa for the night in last year's new-length beach suit, without anyone knowing the difference.

For the girl who likes to be noticed, there's a beach outfit in a typical lingerie fabric—white nylon jersey, a bra and



Black and white poplin is used for this calf-length playsuit with mortice-board hat designed by Olympic Sportswear.

pants topped by a diminutive draped beach dress, complete with stole, banded under the bosom, Grecian-style. It's for the girl with the perfect figure, who likes other people to notice it.

Does A Pretty Face Greet Your Husband?

IN most families, dinner time's the bright spot that marks an end to the day's occupations, the beginning of a pleasant do-as-you-please evening.

Mr. Husband heads home from the office and what greets him?

That's a question only you can answer. Is it a pretty, attractive wife or one who looks utterly exhausted by housework and the children?

If the latter's the case, lady, better mend your ways. All right, maybe you've had a harder day than Mrs. Had. But let's admit this one thing: no matter what, a woman wants her husband's admiration and love. The sure way to have both is to keep attractive and cheerful.

Call a truce to troubles when the dinner hour's at hand. Forget the day's occupation. Concentrate on one thing—that man in your life.

Take 15 minutes to spruce up for his return from work. Put on fresh make-up, a pretty house frock. The bright impression you make is sure to outshine the five o'clock shadow of his exhaustion.

What's more, the fact that you look nice—and know it—is bound to raise your own spirits, make you forget that life's been one of those days when nothing went right.

—JIANNE D'ARCY

Luisa Spagnoli

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THE great plumes of a Han Dynasty warrior (worn by Mr James Zaemin Lee) depicted "Valour" in a colourful New Year fantasy at Shatin Heights Hotel, and in the early hours of 1957 dominated the dance floor. (Staff Photographer)



THESE two senioritas (Lorna Wong and Barbara Cheng) and their castanets were a gay part of a charity ballad display given by pupils of Miss Larissa Tzar at the Empire Theatre. (Staff Photographer)



NEW food and strange places... large and small skips of the U.S. Navy took aboard 500 children for turkey and plum pudding on Christmas Day. This guest brought his own chopsticks. (U.S. Navy)



RIGHT: At the Registry, and just married... Mr and Mrs William Baxter Schellurup. Mrs Schellurup was Miss Susan Merrill. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: The six elders of Kowloon Tong Church at their annual dinner. Left to right: Mrs C. W. Ho, Mrs M. W. Lee, Mr M. W. Lee, Mr C. K. Chu, the Rev John Bechtel, and Mr P. C. Kwok. (Staff Photographer)



AMONG the prettiest brides (and gowns) to issue from the Registry last week was the former Miss Carol Wei. She is the daughter of Mr and Mrs C. Y. Wei and is seen with her husband, Mr S. Y. Wang. (Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs R. A. J. L. Wragg drive off after a pretty wedding in the serviceman's Church of St Michael at Kai Tak. The bride is the former Miss Alice Wong. (Staff Photographer)



CHILDREN showed plenty signs of life on New Year's Day when several hundred of them romped through the afternoon at the Kowloon Cricket Club, gaily decorated for its 43rd Annual Children's Sports. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: The first birthday of Master Suresh Moti, son of Mr Motiram A. Mahbubani, was an occasion for a gathering of relatives and friends.

BELOW: Chinese Ex-Interporters and Non-Chinese Ex-Interporters crowd in a goal mouth at the floodlit Hongkong Football Club Stadium. Their friendly game, a curtain-raiser before the Governor's Cup match, ended in a 2-2 draw. (Staff Photographer)

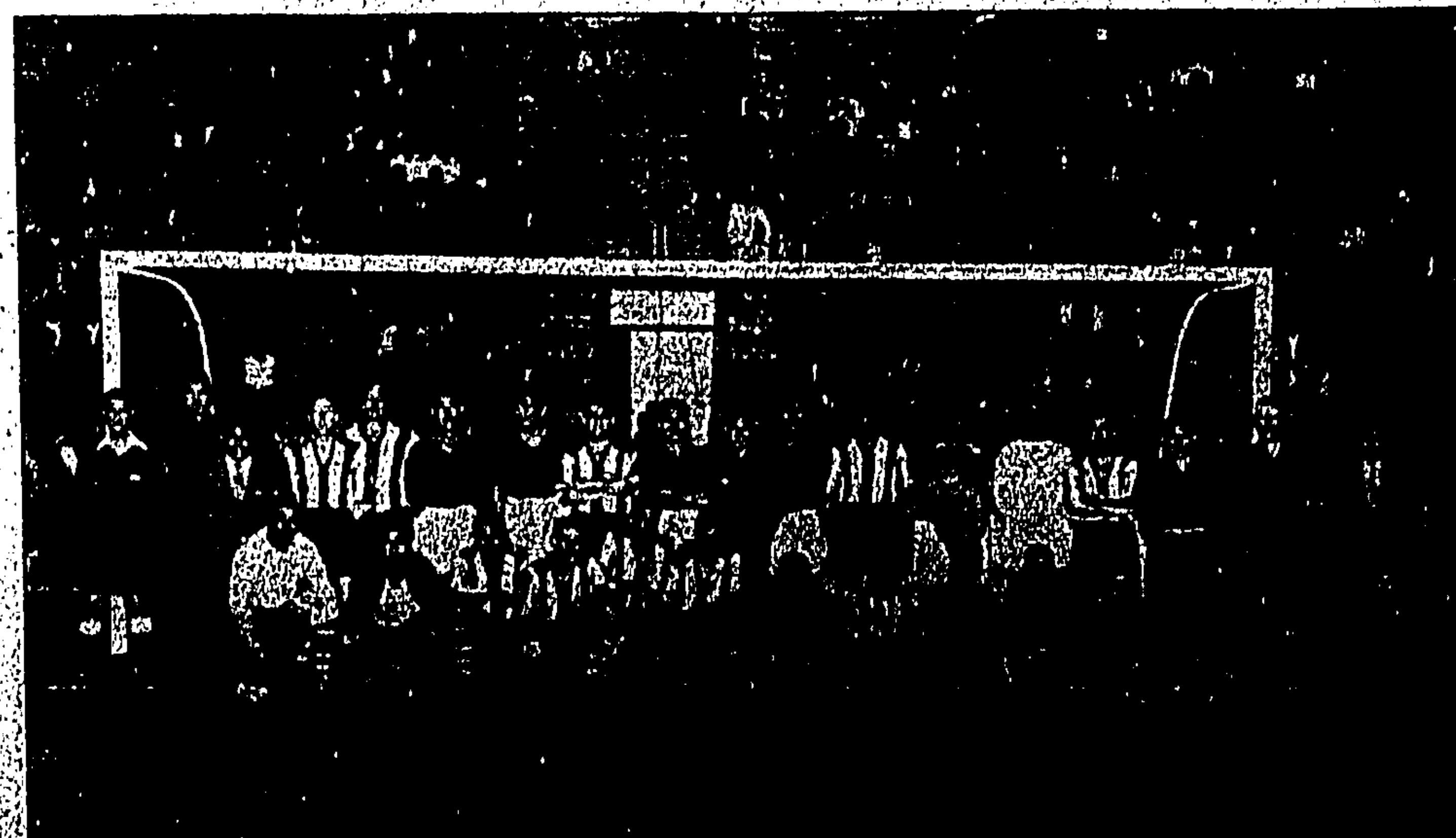


GOVERNMENT Social Welfare Officer Mr K. Keen and Miss Dorothy Lee stood knee deep in children at a number of parties over the Christmas period. Here they are seen at the Queen Elizabeth Youth Centre, Kowloon, among some of 1,600 members of the Boys and Girls Clubs organisation. (Staff Photographer)

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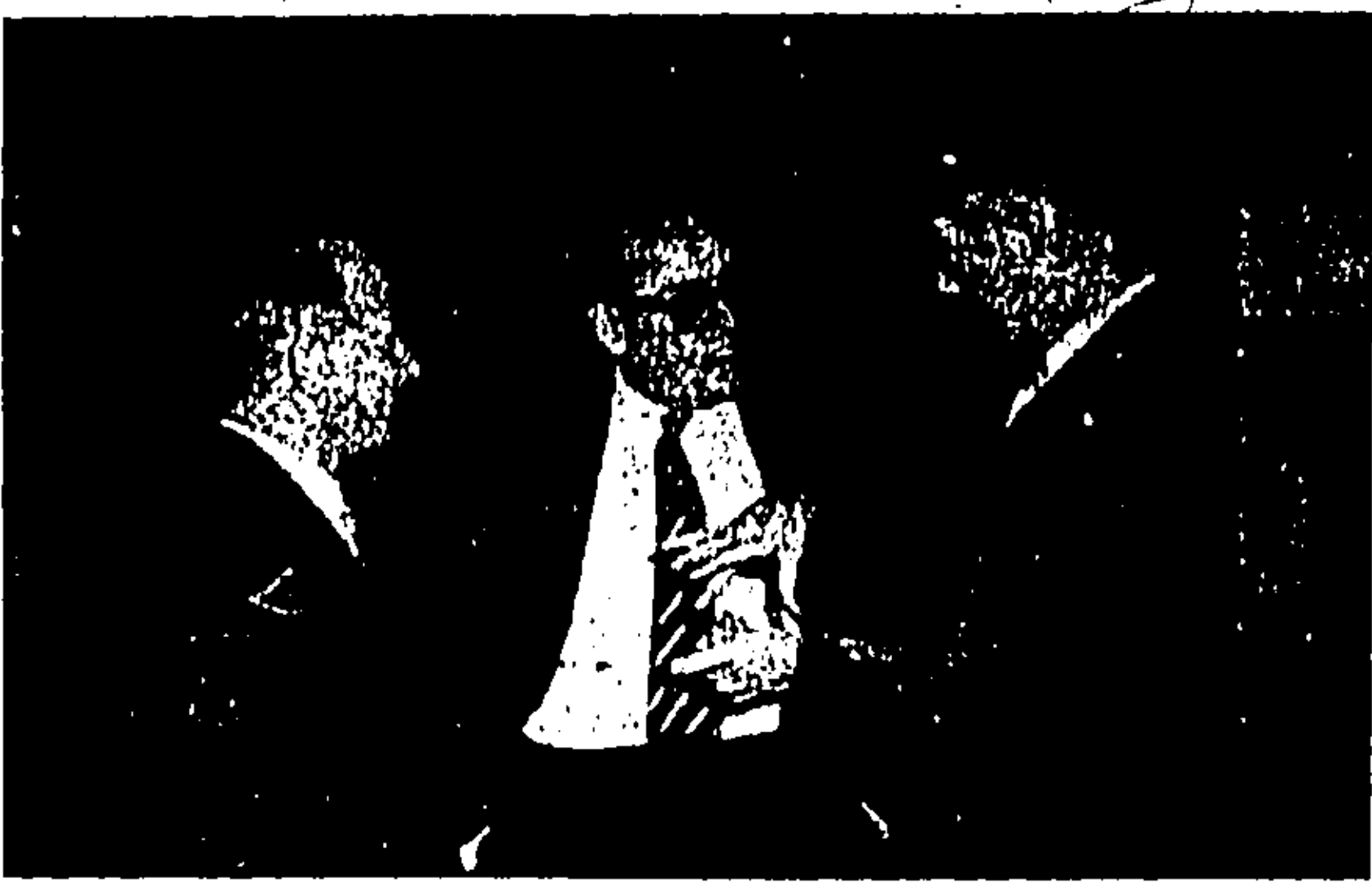
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THE Kowloon Cricket Club had one of the largest crowds over for its New Year's Eve dance. Picture shows the party at the table of the Club President, Mr. R. E. Leo. (Staff Photographer)



MR. T. Pilkington (right), President of the Vespa Club, with Mr. F. M. Ribeiro (centre) and Mr. E. J. Chaland at the Club's dinner dance held last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: The Junior Chamber of Commerce annual party at Winner House. Picture shows, from left: Mrs. Francis J. Chen, Mr. A. de O. Sales (Jaycee World President), Mr. Y. C. Hui (President, Hongkong Chapter), Mrs. Sales and Mr. Francis J. Chen. (Staff Photographer)



MR. Chan Hung-man (right), winner of the annual road race in Kowloon on New Year's Day, congratulated by Mr. Au Chung-han, who came second. (Staff Photographer)

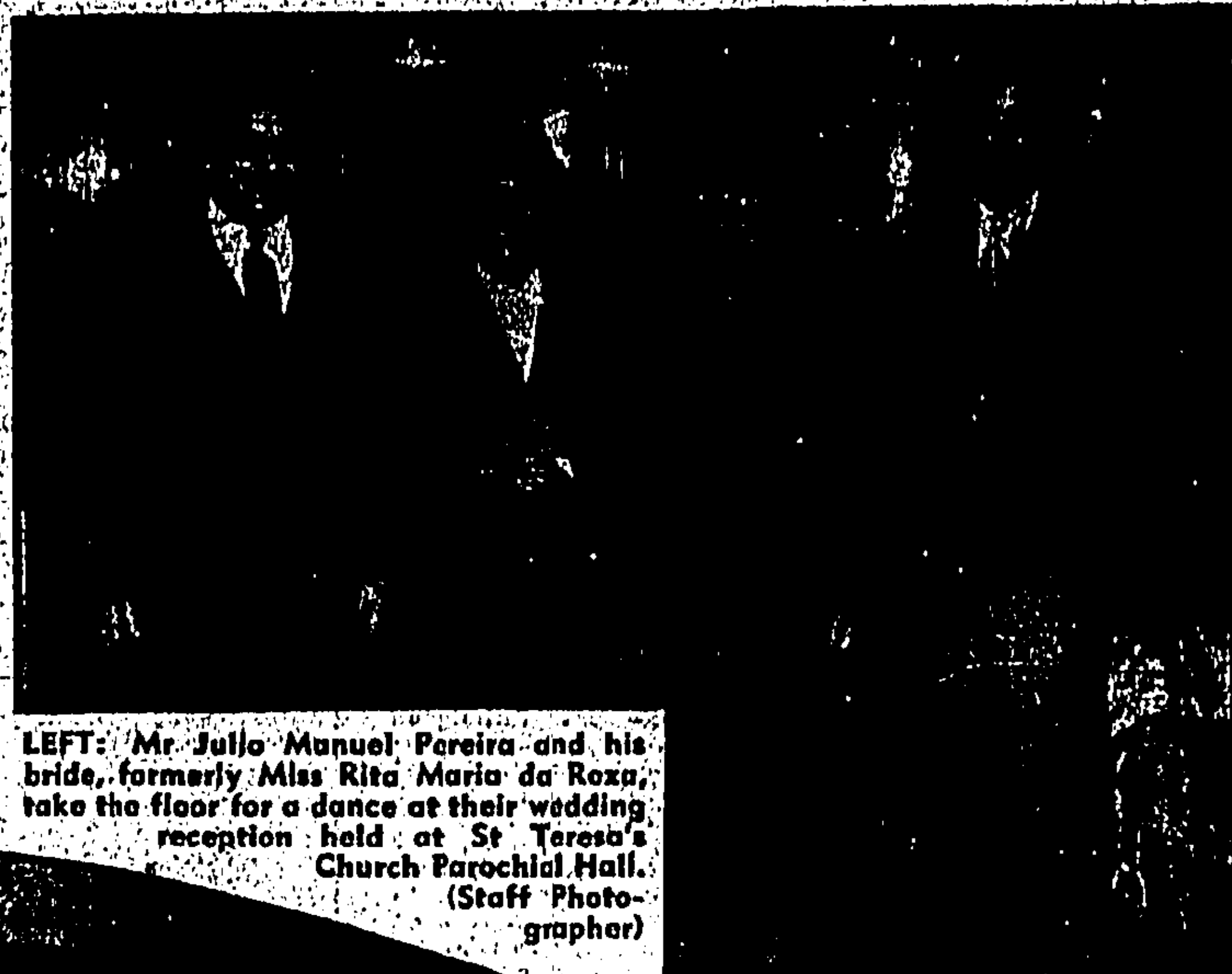


RIGHT: Children from the Portland Street Centre of the SPC were last week guests of the NCO's and airmen of the RAF at a Christmas party. Here Sgt. D. Barraclough shows the kiddies how to make their toy planes go. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: By defeating a combined Royal Navy-RAF side last Sunday, Hongkong Cricket Club won the annual triangular cricket tournament. Picture is of those who took part. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Mr. Julio Manuel Pereira and his bride, formerly Miss Rita Maria da Rosa, take the floor for a dance at their wedding reception held at St. Teresa's Church Parochial Hall. (Staff Photographer)



MR. Charles Strange (left), Superintendent of Sanitary Services, Urban Council, who has retired after 33 years' service, pictured with (from left) Mrs. G. H. A. Morris, Mrs. Strange and the Hon. D. R. Holmes, Chairman of the Urban Council, at the farewell dinner given by his colleagues at the Kam Ling Restaurant. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: His Honour Judge J. Reynolds, District Judge (fourth from left), was entertained last Saturday at a farewell dinner by his colleagues of the Judiciary Department before his departure for Nigeria, where he is to become a Judge of the High Court of the Eastern region. (Staff Photographer)



FATHER CHRISTMAS is helped by a Civil Aid Services warden as he goes round distributing toys and gifts at the CAS children's party held at the Kowloon Training Centre. (Staff Photographer)

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ALEXANDRA HOUSE
DES VORUX ROAD

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

A CHEVAL SET

MATERIALS: Coat of Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20 (20 grm.). 4 balls selected colour. Milwards Steel Crochet Hook No. 3. (Black workers could use a No. 3½ hook and tight workers a No. 2½).

TENSION: 5 rows = 1 in. (2.5 cm.).

MEASUREMENTS: Centrepiece 12 in. (30.5 cm.) square. Small Mat = 7 in. (17.8 cm.) square.

ABBREVIATIONS: ch—chain; ss—slipstitch; dc—double crochet; tr—treble; sp—space.

CENTREPIECE

Commence with 134 ch.

1st Row: 2 tr 2 ch and 2 tr into 6th ch from hook (shell made); * 13 ch, miss 1 ch, 2 tr 2 ch and 2 tr into next ch (another shell made); repeat from * 7 times more, 5 ch, turn.

2nd Row: 2 tr 2 ch and 2 tr into 2 ch sp of shell (shell made over shell); * 13 ch, shell into sp of next shell; repeat from * to end of row, 5 ch, turn.

3rd Row: As 2nd row.

4th Row: Shell into sp of first shell; * 13 ch, shell into sp of next shell; repeat from * to end of row, 5 ch, turn.

5th Row: Shell into sp of first shell; * 10 ch, 1 de over ch loops, 1 ch, turn, 1 de into each of next 10 ch; * 1 ch, turn, 1 de into each of working into back half of loop only; repeat from last * 4 times more (de block made); shell into sp of next shell; repeat from first * to end of row, 5 ch, turn.

6th Row: As 4th row.

7th to 9th Row: As 2nd row.

10th Row: As 4th row.

11th Row: Shell into sp of first shell; * 10 ch, 1 de into tip of next block working over ch loops, 1 ch, turn, 1 de into each of next 10 ch; * 1 ch, turn, 1 de into each of working into back half of loop only; repeat from last * 4 times more; shell into sp of next shell; repeat from first * to end of row 5 ch, turn. Repeat 6th to 11th row 6 times more, then 6th to 9th row once more.

12th Row: Shell into sp of first shell; * 7 ch, 1 de into tip

of next block working over ch loops, 7 ch, shell into sp of next shell; repeat from * to end of row. Fasten off.

Edging

1st Row: Attach thread to first shell of last row of centre, 3 ch, 1 tr 2 ch and 2 tr into same place as join; * 15 ch, shell into sp of next shell; repeat from * 7 times more, 5 ch, 2 tr into same place as last shell. Now work down side as follows: * 3 ch, 2 de into next turning ch loop, 4 ch, 2 de into next turning ch loop, 3 ch, shell into next turning ch loop, 3 ch, into same foundation ch as first shell of centre work 2 tr 2 ch 2 tr 2 ch and 2 tr, * 15 ch, shell into same foundation ch as next shell; repeat from last * 7 times more, 2 ch, 2 tr into same place as last shell; * 3 ch, 2 de into next turning ch loop, 4 ch, 2 de into next turning ch loop, 3 ch, shell into next turning ch loop, 3 ch, repeat from last * 7 times more, 3 ch, 2 de into next turning ch loop, 4 ch, 2 de into next turning ch loop, 3 ch, 2 de into next turning ch loop, 3 ch, 1 ss into 3rd of 3 ch.

2nd Row: 3 ch, 1 tr 2 ch and 2 tr into same sp, * 13 ch, shell into sp of next shell; repeat from * 7 times more, 2 ch, shell into sp of next shell; repeat from last * 8 times more, 2 ch, shell into next 2 ch sp; repeat from first * omitting shell at end of last repeat, 1 ss into 3rd of 3 ch.

3rd Row: 3 ch, 1 tr 2 ch and 2 tr into same sp, * 13 ch, shell into sp of next shell; repeat from * 7 times more, 2 ch, shell into sp of next shell; repeat from last * 8 times more, 2 ch, shell into next 2 ch sp; repeat from first * omitting shell at end of last repeat, 1 ss into 3rd of 3 ch.

4th Row: 3 ch, 1 tr 2 ch and 2 tr into same sp, * 13 ch, shell into sp of next shell; repeat from * 7 times more, 2 ch, shell into sp of next shell; repeat from last * 8 times more, 2 ch, shell into next 2 ch sp; repeat from first * omitting shell at end of last repeat, 1 ss into 3rd of 3 ch.

5th Row: 3 ch, 1 tr 2 ch and 2 tr into same sp, * 13 ch, shell into sp of next shell; repeat from * 7 times more, 2 ch, shell into sp of next shell; repeat from last * 8 times more, 2 ch, shell into next 2 ch sp; repeat from first * omitting shell at end of last repeat, 1 ss into 3rd of 3 ch.

6th Row: 3 ch, 1 tr 2 ch and 2 tr into same sp, * 13 ch, shell into sp of next shell; repeat from * 7 times more, 2 ch, shell into sp of next shell; repeat from last * 8 times more, 2 ch, shell into next 2 ch sp; repeat from first * omitting shell at end of last repeat, 1 ss into 3rd of 3 ch.

7th to 9th Row: As 2nd row.

10th Row: As 4th row.

11th Row: Shell into sp of first shell; * 10 ch, 1 de into tip of next block working over ch loops, 1 ch, turn, 1 de into each of next 10 ch; * 1 ch, turn, 1 de into each of working into back half of loop only; repeat from last * 4 times more (de block made); shell into sp of next shell; repeat from first * to end of row 5 ch, turn. Repeat 6th to 11th row 6 times more, then 6th to 9th row once more.

12th Row: Shell into sp of first shell; * 7 ch, 1 de into tip

of next block working over ch loops, 7 ch, shell into sp of next shell; repeat from * to end of row. Fasten off.



5th Row: 3 ch, 1 tr 2 ch and 2 tr into same sp, * 10 ch, 1 de over ch loops of previous rows 1 ch, 1 ch, turn, 1 de into each of next 10 ch; * 1 de into each of working into back loop only; repeat from last * 4 times more, shell into sp of next shell; repeat from first * 7 times more, shell into each of next 4 shells; repeat from first * omitting a shell at end of last repeat, 1 ss into 3rd of 3 ch.

6th Row: 1 de into same place as last ss, 1 de into next tr, 5 ch, 1 de 5 ch and 1 de into next sp, 5 ch, 1 de into each of next 5 ch; * 1 de into each row-end of block, 3 de into point, 1 de into each of working into back loop only, 1 de into each of next 2 tr, 5 ch, 1 de 5 ch and 1 de into next sp, 5 ch, 1 de into each of next 2 tr; repeat from first * 7 times more, (1 de into each of next 2 tr, 5 ch, 1 de 5 ch and 1 de into next sp, 5 ch, 1 de into each of next 2 tr) 4 times; work round having 8 repeats at sides. Fasten off.

7th to 9th Row: As 2nd row.

10th Row: As 4th row.

11th Row: Shell into sp of first shell; * 10 ch, 1 de into tip of next block working over ch loops, 1 ch, turn, 1 de into each of next 10 ch; * 1 ch, turn, 1 de into each of working into back half of loop only; repeat from last * 4 times more (de block made); shell into sp of next shell; repeat from first * to end of row 5 ch, turn. Repeat 6th to 11th row 6 times more, then 6th to 9th row once more.

12th Row: Shell into sp of first shell; * 7 ch, 1 de into tip

of next block working over ch loops, 7 ch, shell into sp of next shell; repeat from * to end of row. Fasten off.

13th Row: 2 tr 2 ch and 2 tr into 6th ch from hook, * 13 ch, 1 de into each of next 13 ch; repeat from * to end of row. Fasten off.

14th Row: 2 tr 2 ch and 2 tr into 6th ch from hook, * 13 ch, 1 de into each of next 13 ch; repeat from * to end of row. Fasten off.

15th Row: 2 tr 2 ch and 2 tr into 6th ch from hook, * 13 ch, 1 de into each of next 13 ch; repeat from * to end of row. Fasten off.

16th Row: 2 tr 2 ch and 2 tr into 6th ch from hook, * 13 ch, 1 de into each of next 13 ch; repeat from * to end of row. Fasten off.

17th Row: 2 tr 2 ch and 2 tr into 6th ch from hook, * 13 ch, 1 de into each of next 13 ch; repeat from * to end of row. Fasten off.

18th Row: 2 tr 2 ch and 2 tr into 6th ch from hook, * 13 ch, 1 de into each of next 13 ch; repeat from * to end of row. Fasten off.

19th Row: 2 tr 2 ch and 2 tr into 6th ch from hook, * 13 ch, 1 de into each of next 13 ch; repeat from * to end of row. Fasten off.

20th Row: 2 tr 2 ch and 2 tr into 6th ch from hook, * 13 ch, 1 de into each of next 13 ch; repeat from * to end of row. Fasten off.

21st Row: 2 tr 2 ch and 2 tr into 6th ch from hook, * 13 ch, 1 de into each of next 13 ch; repeat from * to end of row. Fasten off.

22nd Row: 2 tr 2 ch and 2 tr into 6th ch from hook, * 13 ch, 1 de into each of next 13 ch; repeat from * to end of row. Fasten off.

23rd Row: 2 tr 2 ch and 2 tr into 6th ch from hook, * 13 ch, 1 de into each of next 13 ch; repeat from * to end of row. Fasten off.

24th Row: 2 tr 2 ch and 2 tr into 6th ch from hook, * 13 ch, 1 de into each of next 13 ch; repeat from * to end of row. Fasten off.

25th Row: 2 tr 2 ch and 2 tr into 6th ch from hook, * 13 ch, 1 de into each of next 13 ch; repeat from * to end of row. Fasten off.

26th Row: 2 tr 2 ch and 2 tr into 6th ch from hook, * 13 ch, 1 de into each of next 13 ch; repeat from * to end of row. Fasten off.

27th Row: 2 tr 2 ch and 2 tr into 6th ch from hook, * 13 ch, 1 de into each of next 13 ch; repeat from * to end of row. Fasten off.

28th Row: 2 tr 2 ch and 2 tr into 6th ch from hook, * 13 ch, 1 de into each of next 13 ch; repeat from * to end of row. Fasten off.

29th Row: 2 tr 2 ch and 2 tr into 6th ch from hook, * 13 ch, 1 de into each of next 13 ch; repeat from * to end of row. Fasten off.

30th Row: 2 tr 2 ch and 2 tr into 6th ch from hook, * 13 ch, 1 de into each of next 13 ch; repeat from * to end of row. Fasten off.

RAGLAN JACKET

MATERIALS: 12 (11) ozs. Sirdar Tweedex Wool; 1 oz. Sirdar Majestic 4-ply Wool. 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles, 8 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS: Length (from top of shoulder to lower edge): 22" (21"). Width all round at underarms: 36" (34"). Length of sleeve seam: 18½" (18").

TENSION: 7 sts. to 1" measured over st. st. using No. 10 needles.

ABBREVIATIONS: K: knit; p: purl; st: stitch; st. st: stocking stitch (1 row k., 1 row p.); tog: together; rep: repeat; beg.: beginning.

NOTE: The figures are given for the 36" bust size, those in the brackets are for the smaller size. Where only one figure is given, it applies to both sizes.

The Right Front

Firstly work the pocket lining. Using No. 10 needles and Tweedex wool, cast on 37 (36) sts. Work in st. st. for 3½" (3") finishing at the end of a P. row. Leave on a spare needle for the present.

Using No. 12 needles and Tweedex wool, cast on 74 (70) sts. Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 8 (10) rows.

Next row: Rib 5; cast off 3, rib to the end.

Next row: Rib to the last 5 sts, cast on 3, rib to the end. This completes one button-hole. Continue in rib until 16 rows in all have been worked from commencement. Change to No. 10 needles.

Next row: Rib 10; k. to the end.

Next row: P. to the last 10 sts, rib 10.

Rep. these 2 rows 7 (8) times.

Make the second buttonhole in the next 2 rows. Keeping the 10 front border sts. in rib, continue until the work measures 6" (4½") from commencement, finishing at the front edge.

Next row: Rib 10; k. to the end.

Next row: P. to the last 10 sts, rib 10.

Rep. these 2 rows 7 (8) times.

Make the second buttonhole in the next 2 rows. Keeping the 10 front border sts. in rib, continue until the work measures 6" (4½") from commencement, finishing at the front edge.

Next row: Rib 10; k. to the end.

Next row: P. to the last 10 sts, rib 10.

Rep. these 2 rows 7 (8) times.

Make the second buttonhole in the next 2 rows. Keeping the 10 front border sts. in rib, continue until the work measures 6" (4½") from commencement, finishing at the front edge.

Next row: Rib 10; k. to the end.

Next row: P. to the last 10 sts, rib 10.

Rep. these 2 rows 7 (8) times.

Make the second buttonhole in the next 2 rows. Keeping the 10 front border sts. in rib, continue until the work measures 6" (4½") from commencement, finishing at the front edge.

Next row: Rib 10; k. to the end.

Next row: P. to the last 10 sts, rib 10.

Rep. these 2 rows 7 (8) times.

Make the second buttonhole in the next 2 rows. Keeping the 10 front border sts. in rib, continue until the work measures 6" (4½") from commencement, finishing at the front edge.

Next row: Rib 10; k. to the end.

Next row: P. to the last 10 sts, rib 10.



(122) sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 10 rows. Change to No. 10 needles and proceed in st. st. until the work measures 13" (12½") from commencement.

Next row: Cast off 9, p. to the end.

Next row: K. 2 tog, k. to the last 2 sts, k2 tog.

Rep. the last 2 rows until 2 sts remain, k2 tog, and fasten off.

The Collar

Using No. 12 needles and 4-ply wool, cast on 81 (73) sts. Work 1 row in k. 1, p. 1 rib.

Next row: Cast off 9, k. to the end.

Next row: P. 2 tog, p. to the last 2 sts, p2 tog.

Rep. the last 2 rows until 2 sts remain, k2 tog, and fasten off.

The Right Sleeve

Work exactly as for the left sleeve until 20 sts remain, finishing at the end of a p. row.

Next row: Cast off 9, k. to the end.

Next row: P. 2 tog, p. to the last 2 sts, p2 tog.

Rep. the last 2 rows until 2 sts remain, k2 tog, and fasten off.

The Left Sleeve

Using No. 12 needles and Tweedex wool, cast on 81 (73) sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 10 rows. Change to No. 10 needles and proceed in st. st. until the work measures 13" (12½") from commencement.

Next row: Cast off 9, p. to the end.

Next row: K. 2 tog, k. to the last 2 sts, k2 tog.

Rep. the last 2 rows until 2 sts remain, k2 tog, and fasten off.

Next row: Cast off 9, p. to the end.

Continue in rib, and keeping the rib correct increase at both ends of each of the next 20 rows and then at the beg. only of the next 10 rows. 131 (123) sts.

Work 1 row in rib and cast off ribwise.

Set in the sleeves. Press all parts, using a warm iron over a damp cloth on the wrong side of the work and taking care to avoid the ribbing.

Join the side seams. Stitch the shaped edge of the collar to the neck edge of jacket, stitching on the inside of the neck edge, and placing so that the two front edges of the collar will exactly meet when the jacket is fastened.

Affix the buttons to correspond with the buttonholes.

Stitch the pocket linings neatly to the wrong side of the fronts, and stitch the pocket bands down to the right sides of the fronts.

Press all seams on the wrong side.

Preparing A Child For New Baby's Arrival

By Garry C. Myers, Ph.D.

If your child is three, four or older, tell him in good time that another baby is expected. If he is told too soon, however, a very young child is likely to become impatient.

Show your child the clothes and equipment being prepared for "our baby." Let him share with you in considering the preferred names.

You can make the baby's coming more real, by letting your child gently press his hand on your abdomen and feel the movements of the baby inside you. At such time, you can get over to him some of the facts of life, depending on his age of course. In this way, you will prepare your child mentally and emotionally for receiving and accepting the new baby.

But many parents who carefully prepare an older child for the baby's arrival are discouraged by the obvious signs of jealousy later on. They can't understand why their plan didn't work and where they failed.

Using your common sense, you can see that the child needs further preparation begun months or years earlier. It presupposes his learning self-reliance physically and emotionally from as early an age as possible.

THE NEXT BABY

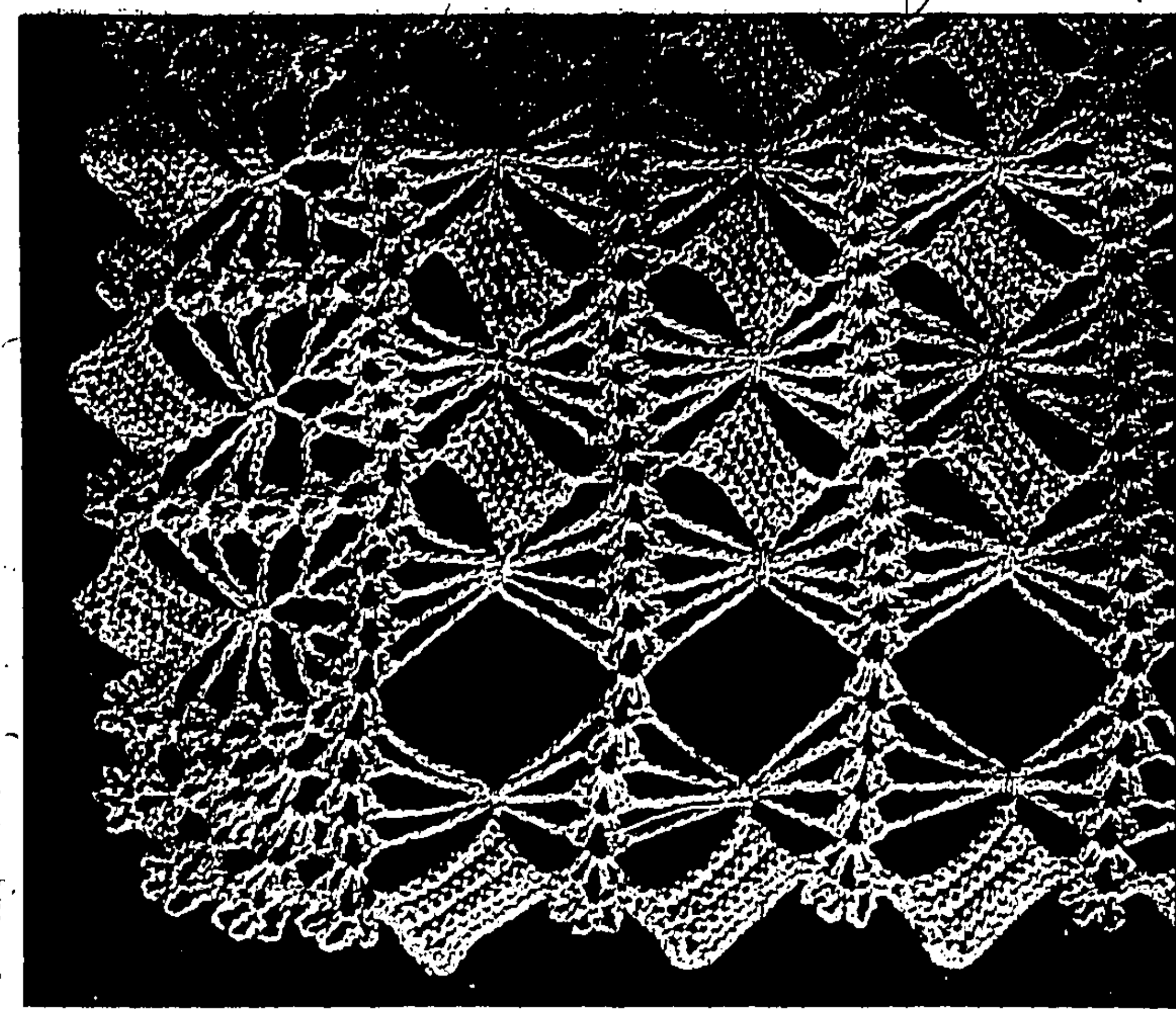
So if you have one baby now, begin at once to prepare him to welcome and enjoy the next baby. The earlier and faster he learns to wait on himself and amuse himself and feel reasonably comfortable in your absence and with other children and adults, the less he will suffer during your absence at the hospital and from seeing you pay so much necessary attention later to the new baby.

Very early in his life, and especially for several months before the new baby comes, he should depend more and more on Dad for his necessary care. He will be very fortunate after the baby comes if he and Dad are very warm companions.

In case the child must give up his room for the new baby, effect the change of rooms many weeks earlier, for obvious reasons.

If you haven't made adequate preparation up to now, do your best with the time that's left over after the baby arrives. By and by prepare this youngest child for the arrival of the next baby, assuming there might be one.

Despite your best efforts to prevent jealousy, you can expect a good deal of it while your children grow up. It may come back and forth from one child to another, and will not always be the eldest or best youngster.



PRETTY TABLE SETTINGS

FOR the hostess who wants to experiment with dramatic effects in table settings, winter is the ideal season because, brilliant, warm colours might be too over-bearing any other time of year. We might add, however, that some of the most successful hostesses prefer to stick to serene colours on the dining table. Certainly, they're more relaxing.

According to one hostess, part of being a success at the art of entertaining is to think about how guests will be dressed. A buffet table may be a strikingly different, a set-down table, however, should be beautiful, pleasant and not likely to clash

By ELEANOR ROSS

with clothes' colours. The rich colours of winter gowns are apt to create more colour problems than summer's whites and pastels.

In any event, there's a beautiful and serene colour for a dinner, informal or formal, that appears frequently in professional table settings. It is a scheme of beige, blue and white that can be varied to gold, blue and white with equal success. Any combination of beige, blue and white can be used.

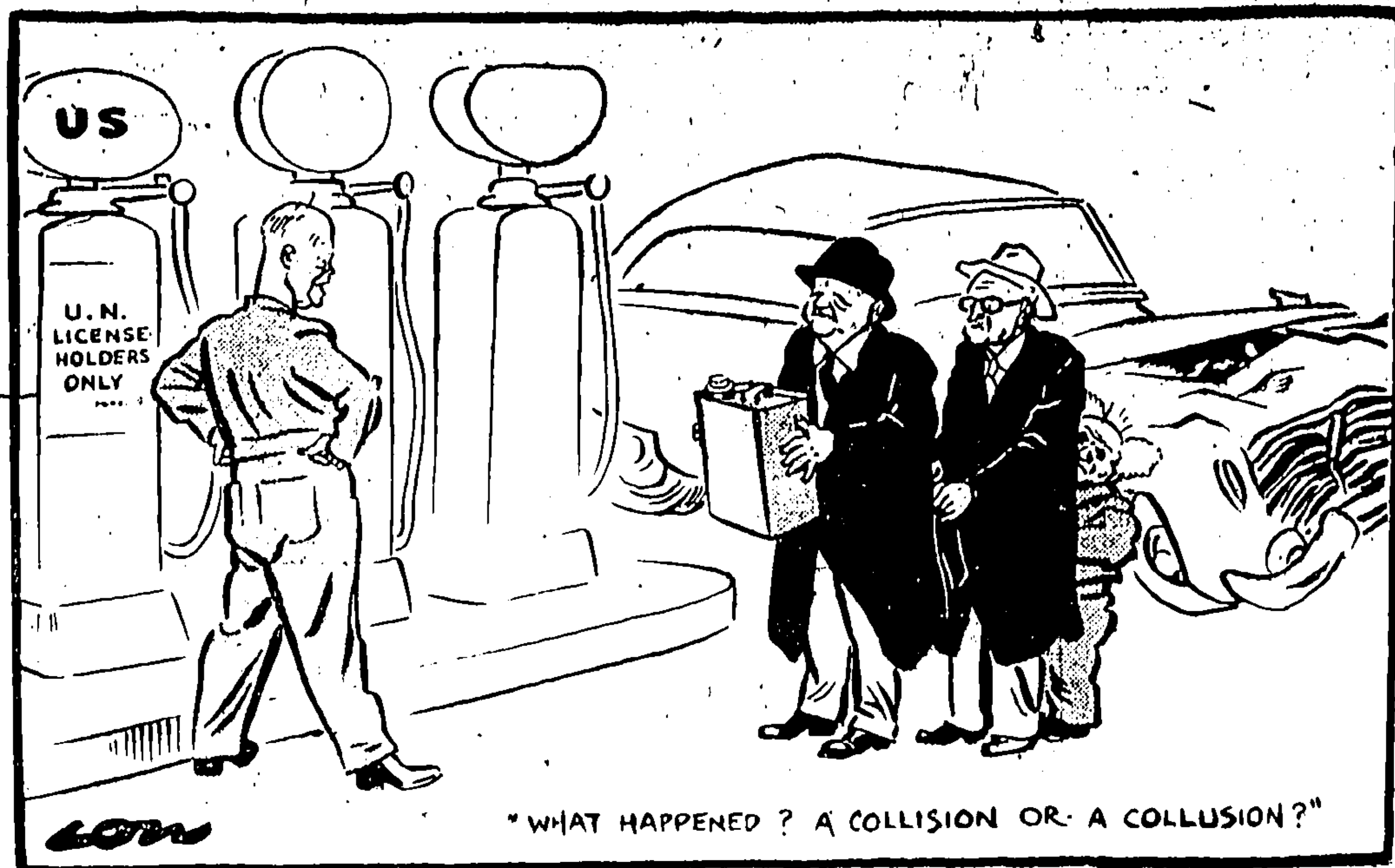
A beautiful beige cloth, with blue china, using white porcelain figures and white glassware, is a very effective, or use white

china on a quiet blue cloth, the centerpiece of beige-tone spider chrysanthemums. Or why not gold-coloured flowers used with blue china on a white cloth?

Nothing makes a meal more appealing than a lovely table at which to sit, enjoy dining and pleasantly relax.

As for table linen, use your ingenuity and take advantage of new fabrics. These days, you're not limited to conventional materials. Even in a quiet beige setting, it is possible to introduce a novelty so long as it is within the framework of the setting.

It is fun, being one's own decorating adviser, especially in a minor matter such as a table setting. The errors aren't costly and can easily be rectified.



PETROL PROSPECTS

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VERDI MUST SHARE THE BLAME FOR NASSER'S DELUSION

SIR BEVERLEY BAXTER MP
debunks the legend of Egypt's greatness

London
It was in the year 1924 when a messenger came to my office at the Daily Express and said that Lady Drummond Hay was in the waiting room and wanted to see me urgently. Adjusting my tie I told him to show her in.

She was a pretty woman with Eastern eyes and black eyelashes an inch long. In fact she was a perfect example of *la femme fatale*. Mystery surrounded her like a cloak.

In a deep and attractive voice she told me what I already knew—that Zagoul Pasha, the Prime Minister of Egypt, was in London demanding concessions that the British Government could not make.

"There will be assassinations in Egypt when he returns," she said. "I am a good writer and I will go there for you to cover the news."

It was a gamble but probably worth it, so I drew some money for her from the cashier—and off she went. Those were the days before airplanes hopped across oceans as if they were pools.

KILLED

ABOUT three days after her arrival in Egypt it was announced that the London discussions with Zagoul Pasha had broken down. Then came a flash from Cairo. Sir Lee Stack, the British Sirdar in Egypt, had been assassinated.

It was an enormous story, and while the London newspaper correspondents were sailing painfully to Egypt Lady Drummond Hay cabled the Daily Express the whole story day by day in very good journalese. In fact, it was one of the biggest scoops for many years.

Ramsay MacDonald was Prime Minister at the time, and we wondered how he would deal with the crisis. Actually he handled the matter with unusual firmness. There had been previous attempts of assassination against British officials, and MacDonald demanded reparations and a public demonstration of remorse in Cairo.

I have recalled that incident because Egypt is going to be big news for some time, and it might be just as well if we examined the claims of that country, which are based partly on romanticism and partly on sheer greed.

Verdi must share some of the blame. When he wrote the Opera "Aida" to commemorate the opening of the Suez Canal, the trumpets of the Grand March went straight to the legend of greatness, power and glory in the far off years was an inevitable development.

FAILURE

AGAIN and again President Nasser has been hailed as a patriot who risked the anger of the Western world to bring back some of the glory and splendour of his ancient country.

It is always a cruel thing to debunk a legend, but the truth is that Egypt, despite her ancient lineage, was never a truly great nation at any time in her history. In fact, her story is one of constant failure to achieve real eminence, despite passing periods of glory.

It may be that because Egypt suffered from the constant inroads of stronger powers even in the centuries before Christ she was unable to achieve power among the nations.

INVADED

HER people were intelligent enough, for as every schoolboy knows (or ought to know) it was the Egyptians who invented the solar calendar way back in 45 B.C. In fact the calendar was universally accepted, with adjustments, throughout the world.

It is not necessarily to their discredit that the Egyptians have never been a warlike race. They were always being invaded and occupied. Yet they did produce a great queen in Cleopatra, whose physical charms were enhanced by

a vivid imagination and no mean intellect.

Both Shakespeare and Shakespeare's immortalised Cleopatra play that will be remembered forever. No wonder her name is held in pride by the moderns of the Nile. You will remember that the great Anthony was so enamoured of her beauty and her mind that he invaded Egypt so that he could come to grips with the ravishing young queen.

Egypt lost that war, but defeat is the refrain of Egyptians over and over again. To their credit let it be said that they always fought, but, unhappily, they were nearly always beaten.

Nevertheless, Egypt has every right to be proud of a Queen like Cleopatra, whose beauty and intelligence lit an undying beacon of romance which has illuminated the centuries.

Yet over and over again, as one studies the fascinating history of this people, we find the recurring verdict: "This period of Egypt's history is a melancholy story of disintegration and defeat, relieved but occasionally by a short spell of partial recovery."

ALEXANDER

ALEXANDER the Great, who spent his whole life making war, took Egypt in his stride and then tried to placate his victim by offering a sacrifice to the Egyptian gods. Still moved by a spirit of generosity he held a Greek gymnastic and musical festival just to show the Egyptians that he was not as bad a chap as they thought.

As a special compliment to the people he had ravaged he marched his army down the Western arm of the Nile and founded Alexandria, which was named after him.

Nor did his benevolence stop there. He founded two other Greek cities on Egyptian territory, gave them self-government and even passed a law permitting Romans to marry with Egyptians.

And were the Egyptians grateful? They were not. Under a benevolent law Egypt was admitted, with a special status, as a dominion of the Roman Empire. More than that, the Roman emperor could not enter Egypt without imperial permission. Naturally the Egyptians were not grateful.

But the Romans kept on trying. Under a benevolent law Egypt was admitted, with a special status, as a dominion of the Roman Empire. More than that, the Roman emperor could not enter Egypt without imperial permission. Naturally the Egyptians were not grateful.

something out of it, and in due time—it was the year 29 B.C.—a bunch of Roman tax collectors tried to collect money from the conquered.

Did the Egyptians welcome them with open arms and an understanding mind? They did not. Instead, they staged a rebellion. Needless to say, the rebellion was crushed cruelly and speedily.

But the Emperor Augustus was a good fellow at heart, and he decided to develop Egypt for the Egyptians. He repaired and deepened irrigation canals, thus fertilising the soil and bringing much derelict land under cultivation.

VACUUM

THE truth is that the Romans were a highly civilised race and accepted the responsibility of the conqueror. Wherever they went—and that included Britain—they gave much more than they took. I am sorry to report that the Britons were just as ungrateful as the Egyptians although the Romans built roads and gave civilisation to the un-civilised from Land's End to John O'Groats.

But Egypt's troubles were not over when the Romans decided that they had had enough. The Arabs, realising that nature abhors a vacuum, invaded Egypt and, with the collaboration of the native population, beat them up in no time.

And now, if your patience is not exhausted, we shall come down to more recent times.

It was in 1882 that Great Britain, having inherited the mantle of authority from Rome, occupied Egypt. Personally I prefer the word "occupied" to "conquered."

PROTECTION

AND what did the Britons do? They did as they always did. They reformed taxation, sealed down the rates of interest which were unfair, created courts of justice, and proceeded to give the Egyptians security from invasion.

The great Lord Kitchener went there and stayed from 1911 to the outbreak of war in 1914. During his time he laid the foundation of an Egyptian Parliament, protected the people from exploitation and money-lenders, and cleared up corruption in all directions.

In the last year of his governorship, the fateful year of 1914, Egypt was proclaimed a British protectorate.

Now let us try to assess the benefits that came to Egypt under the authority of Great Britain. The first benefit was that the British Government

THE BLINDED JOURNALIST FIGHTS BACK

VICTOR REISEL, who lost his sight in a vicious acid attack by America's new gangsters, says: "I carry on with my campaign not because I am a hero but because I am a newspaperman. This is my beat and I have to work on it..."

By ALAN BREIN

New York.
"MEET me in the Plaza Hotel lobby," said the tense confidential voice on the telephone. "I am a little guy with dark glasses. And I shall have with me two very big guys. Make sure you come in by the southern entrance and sit on the ottoman between the Persian Room and the ladies room. Perhaps you'd better bring some proof of your identity with you."

REAL LIFE

It sounded like the opening paragraph of a Mickey Spillane thriller. But this was real life in New York now. And I was stepping momentarily into the

middle of a true crime story which for brutality, drama, and ruthlessness cannot be equalled by any Hollywood pedlar of nightmares.

My date was with Victor Reisel, who carries a gallon of 100-per-cent-proof courage in his pint-size body. America's most famous labour columnist, Reisel has fought for 25 years to expose within the unions the twin underworlds of crime and Communism. Eventually the gangsters struck back in their traditional and evil way. Early one morning, as he left Lindy's Restaurant on Broadway, he idly noted a lounge moaning around. "Hey," said the man and threw something straight into Reisel's face. It was a bottle of acid and the columnist sank to his knees, tortured by "the sharpest, most painful burning I ever felt."

IN AGONY

It is typical of Reisel that, as the ghastly fluid etched indelible tear stains down his face, he should shout in agony: "I'm hit by acid. I won't be able to read."

That was eight months ago and since that day Victor Reisel has been blind. But his fight goes on. And he remains the closely guarded key witness in the case against Johnny Dio, alleged master-mind behind the attack.

I followed his telephoned instructions to the last detail. Reisel was 15 minutes late and his huge companions, in bulging suits with swollen armpits, were obviously armed members of New York's detective bureau.

Despite his blindness, 41-year-old Reisel led me confidently from the busy Plaza lobby through the crowded tea-room along a mirrored corridor and down some steep steps into a deserted basement where we could talk in privacy and safety. The police stood on guard at each entrance.

HE GRINNED

Reisel sat down carefully on a sofa. He smoothed back his thin dark hair, straightened his tie, and dusted down his sleeves and trousers with tidy hands. He grinned. "Ask me what you want. I'll answer if I can."

And this is what Reisel had to say about American gangsters: "The new mobsters are in industry and regard themselves as businessmen with guns. They sell industrial peace at a price. They shift picket lines for a percentage of profits. They buy off the law for a dividend. It is a racket endemic to America. Control of a union is worth a fortune. They can use the rank and file as a private army and loot the funds to pay their lieutenants. And it is the union members who are most guilty. They are disciplined only for strikes and not for self-government."

About union prosperity: "When your Hugh Gaitskelli came here last May at the invitation of the Garment Workers' Union he travelled tourist. He thought they could not afford to pay first class fares. In fact, they have funds of a hundred million. And I mean pounds not dollars. A regional organizer here gets more than your top union leader in England."

ATTUNED
I had silently taken out a cigarette while he talked. But his ears were now exquisitely attuned to his blindness and he whipped out a lighter and lit my cigarette exactly on its tip. He went on to talk about the advantages of being a journalist without eyes.

"On TV I now add up all my comments as I never dared do before. I am the only commentator on a national network who has no script. Blindness has unfrozen me a little. When I lecture now I cannot see the yawns or the sour faces and I don't give a damn about what people think of me any more. "Without bravado I must insist that nothing has really changed. I feel as if I had always been a blind man. And I carry on with my campaign not because I am a hero but because I am a newspaperman. This is my beat and I have to work on it."

A STRANGER
The four of us, two journalists and two policemen, traced our way through the underground maze back to the lounge full of tinkling tea cups and palm-leaf music. I went out into the Manhattan darkness, a safe and anonymous stranger among the skyscrapers.

Reisel's story among the lights, a sworn-on Samson who remains a constant threat to the vengeance of the thugs who rise on the back of the working man. (Continued)

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HONGKONG KOWLOON

POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER

"I suppose you're having to send all the No. 11's round by the Cape!"

MR LOSS WINS IN THE LONG RUN

IN Denmark Street, a London thoroughfare that is paved with sour grapes, you can hear them say in their curious lan-

guage: "We just don't dig it, Man."

What they do not dig (or understand), Man, is the fact that here we are in 1957 and there is Joe Loss, the boy from the East End and now resident in the Regent's Park area, still at the top in the band business.

After 26 years.

A penurious saxophonist, in a lapel-less sports coat, says: "Why, the man is positively archaic. Only last week I heard him play 'Knees Up Mother Brown' in a dance hall."

Hard way up

AN opulent Joe Loss, in a 48-Agates suit (with lapels), says: "What's wrong with 'Knees Up Mother Brown'? The public still like it. Oh, I give them rock 'n' roll when the occasion demands. But if the public like the old ones why shouldn't they get them?"

"You can get too clever in this business. Like playing music only professional musicians and university jazz clubs can understand."

All this Joe Loss says while still holding on to the grin that has left his face in 20 years as a band leader.

In that times not one grey hair has managed to creep through his arched-mouth, high-gloss black hair.

In a business that is as precarious as a French Cabinet appointment, Joe Loss came up the hard way—but by the shortest available route.

At seven he was practising the violin in the hope of becoming another Kreisler. At 15 he was playing background music to silent films.

By 1930 he was leading his own band in a London dance hall.

As a recording artist he worries little over the fact that

his gramophone records are not nudging the temporary greasies like Elvis Presley in the Hit Parade.

In his North Gate, Regent's Park, home, he looks up at two Carl-Alan trophies (the Oscar of the dance band leaders' world) and says: "I take my time, but I do all right."

"My records may take a little longer than Presley's to sell, but I get there just the same in the end. I recorded 'In The Mood' close on 20 years ago, and I reckon that by now it's sold two million records."

During the three months in the year that Joe Loss spends in the precincts of his home you might find him relaxing with his family. With Mrs Mildred Loss as their audience, Joe Loss will play the violin, 10-year-old Jennifer Loss will play the piano, 14-year-old David Loss will play the clarinet.

RECORD ROUND

by RAMSDEN GREIG

Joe Loss, who makes two records a month for His Master's Voice, has issued his party piece record—"Dance At Your Party" (HMV, 78 r.p.m.).

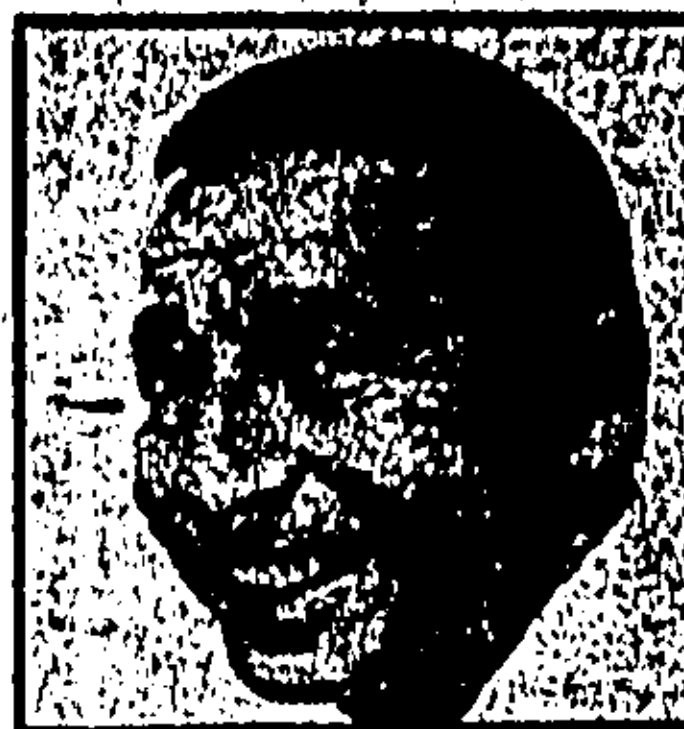
It includes such antiquated pieces as "I Came I Saw I Conquered," "The Charleston," "John Brown's Body," "She'll Be Coming Round the Mountain" and "Knees Up Mother Brown." There is only a cursory contribution concerned with modern jazz—"Rock Around the Clock."

Picasso mouth

ANITA ROSS (formerly Anita), 24, has the sultry look, and a mouth that has been described as looking as if it had been made up in the dark by Picasso. She has been in show business for 20 years and in a varied career that has included

filming in Hollywood, singing bi-lingually in Paris cabaret, acting for Orson Welles and creating a considerable impression in the London production of "Cranks" (which acquired among her press cuttings some off-beat tributes. Someone once called her the coolest thing since cucumber. The American magazine Downbeat voted her 1953's New Star. Another magazine, however, voted her Miss Neurotic 1953).

The remarkable Miss Ross has put eight songs on record under the title "Annie by Candlelight" (Nixa, 33).



JOE LOSS
The public likes the old ones.

Play it while the lights are low. I particularly enjoy what Annabella Mauley Allan Short, from Mitcham, Surrey, does to "Gipsy In My Soul," "I Love Paris," "Don't Worry 'Bout Me" and "Let The Sun Catch You Crying."

These I like

Humphrey swing out (Parlophone 33), Jazz from Humphrey Lyttelton Band. Six tracks to choose from, with "That's My Home," the best of them.

Clio sings British (Epic 45). Fine, fluent singing by Clio Laine, with a contingent from the Johnnie Dankworth Band. Notable solos by trombonist Keith Christie, particularly in "It Was a Lover and His Love." Cabaret days (Mercury 33). Sophie Tucker sings a selection of old favourites, including "Margie," "Nobody Loves a Fat Girl" and "Some of These Days." Brassy, bawdy and it is still the Cuban fire (Capitol 33). Six rattle-rattlers from the Stan Kenton Band. Gaudy, inventive and hot as red peppers.

MORE SERIOUSLY

By ARTHUR JACOBS

FOR all who long to eavesdrop on a great conductor rehearsing an orchestra the recording of the year is "Birth of a Performance" (Philips, 2LD). It reveals Bruno Walter suggesting, singing and smoothing Mozart's *Lutz Symphony* into final shape.

Verdi's "Il Trovatore" bursts excitingly from three Decca LPs, especially when Renata Tebaldi and Chellito Simonato sing. "Aida" three HMV discs, boxed boasts Felicia Barber, Boris Christoff and Leonard Warren—but not even three operatic world-beaters compensate for thick-bound-quality.

Nancy Spain

ON THE NEW BOOKS

A CULINARY ORGY ROUND THE WORLD

EAT your way round the world. This ambition is evidently that of Lesley Blanch, a small, blonde, pump, intelligent writer who is married to a distinguished Frenchman (Romain Gary, Consul General in Los Angeles, California, and author of the Goncourt Prize-winning novel "Racines du Ciel").

Lesley has just published a culinary orgy over the world of "ROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DISHES" (John Murray, 18s.). She is indeed a smart cookie.

She has some sharp things to say about foreign eating habits. "Tip-fed" Americans "nightmare" Russians, suffering from indigestion caused by too much sour cream and caviar and therefore writing introspective books—like Dostoevsky and Tolstoy.

His Honey

AND what about the French? Well, Lesley's husband prefers steak and a bun to snails. And Lesley (a magnificent kitchen snob if ever there was one) strikes a great blow for English cooking. "Unjustly reviled," she says it is.

Our masterpieces are, apparently, Christmas pudding, Guards pudding, Roly-Poly, and Steak and Kidney pudding. "Sweetest on the lips," says Lesley. "Well, it is welcome to settle on mine." (A sentiment shared by Marlene Dietrich).

Well, then. As if this spell-binding patriotism were not enough, Lesley also gives away wonderful foreign facts.

She once knew an Arab chef whose favourite white stallion had its mane and tail dyed a rosy red apricot colour with henna. And she once talked to a Balkan bandit who ate potatoes cooked in honey.



MANKOWITZ
PUBLIC FIGURE, NOW

Yes, Lesley Blanch is observant, witty, and wise. She is also surprisingly conventional. Fancy, she still worries because in America she saw cowboys listening to the Brandenburg Concerto and felt Indians sipping ice cream soda through a straw.

Wolf Man

TALKING of conventional, I have you ever heard of Wolf Mankowitz, whose great zoological collection, "THE ABC OF SHOW BUSINESS" (Oldbourne Press, 8s. 6d.), is at present hypnotising the television audiences?

In London Wolf has now reached the status of a Public Figure (in between Buckingham Palace and Parliament). His book has some wonderful potted biographies of people like Coward and Orson Welles and Prince Litterer.

It also has a nerve-racked little piece by Peter Ustinov that attempts to sum up Wolf himself. It is calculated (I think) to bewilder anyone who does not breathe the rarefied air of London's West End.

So in all humility I submit my entry to "The ABC of Show Business" on the subject of Mankowitz, Wolf.

The fact is that Mankowitz and Wolf are two distinct people, split down the middle in the new fashionable mixed-up manner. They both weigh 10½st. and they were both born on

November 7, 1924, in White-chapel, London, when an embarrassing resemblance was noticed to the infant Yehudi. A Pearly Queen standing by cried: "He may not be Menuhin but, boy, can heiddle."

Wolf who wears suede zipping wind-cheaters, is a poet who likes to eat and sleep and hates competitive games like Show Business. He is a family man, suddenly wants to do things like buy boats, country houses, and sheep.

He was once a miner, studied with Dr. Lewis at Cambridge, says he is unemployable. "People who are short of time," he says, "are those who work for other people: as soon as you sell your time you are trying to steal it back."

He is relaxed, gentle, happy, red gave his Mum the first money he made, which was 10s. 6d. for a poem. Also, he is one of my friends. He wrote "A Kid for Two Farthings" and "My Old Man's a Dushman."

Investment

MANKOWITZ is a business man who wears smart suits and belongs to the Savile Club (Gilbert Harding put him up).

He is an expert on Wedgwood, owns superb premises in London's smartest arcade, finds £30,000 easily in a year to put on such shows as "Moby Dick," "The Threepenny Opera."

He explains his love of his wife and the song by saying: "I like to make the original investment pay off on a large scale," can be controversial, brilliant, and sour by turn. He has never written a line in his life and I can't stand him.

FICTION SHELF

By Philip Oakes

THE GINGER MAN. By J. P. Donleavy. Sparran, 15s.

PLOTLESS, picturesque story of an over-sexed American, supposedly studying in Dublin on funds provided by the GI Bill of Rights. Originally published in Paris, and lightly created for the English edition, it displays a rugged, randy talent that applies itself a little too determinedly to the facts of low life. Brilliantly comic writing, but decidedly too gaudy for gentle tastes.

THE REST IS SILENCE. By Erico Verissimo. Arco, 15s.

A SEVEN-DECKER sandwich about five men, a woman and a boy whose lives are affected by the suicide of a shop-girl, who jumps to death from a skyscraper in Brazil. Incidentally impressive on the theme of the responsibilities of a society, but too untidy to make the message clear.

THE MYSTIC FINGER SYMBOL. By Veronica De Osa. Hale, 12s. 6d.

FICTIONAL biography of El Greco, the painter from Crete who found fame in the Spanish court. Most detailed and conscientious, with notes on painters and paintings that slow the narrative but add considerable depth to the portrait of the artist.

WIGGERSY. POKERY. By Hastings Draper. Allen, 12s. 6d.

A SHAGGY-BARRISTER story about the struggles of a young lawyer, who finds trouble both in and out of court. More good-humour than wit, but genuinely funny here and there. Likely to appeal to readers who fancy a blend of the Law Report and Doctor in the House.

THE SEARCHING LIGHT. By Martha Dodd. Calder, 15s.

A FAIRLY dim glow cast on an American university caught in the political cross-fire of the witch-hunt. Chief protagonist, Professor John Miner, student of Milton and Montaigne, intellectual, whose conscience puts him on the spot. Well written and significantly sincere, but heavy going for all but social significance.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Invitations

BY HARRY WEINERT



MAN INVITING HIMSELF TO GET HIS NASAL DEPARTMENT FLATTENED.



INVITATION FROM UNCLE SAMUEL TO EXPLAIN CERTAIN DEDUCTIONS ON CERTAIN PAPERS—ON OR BEFORE...



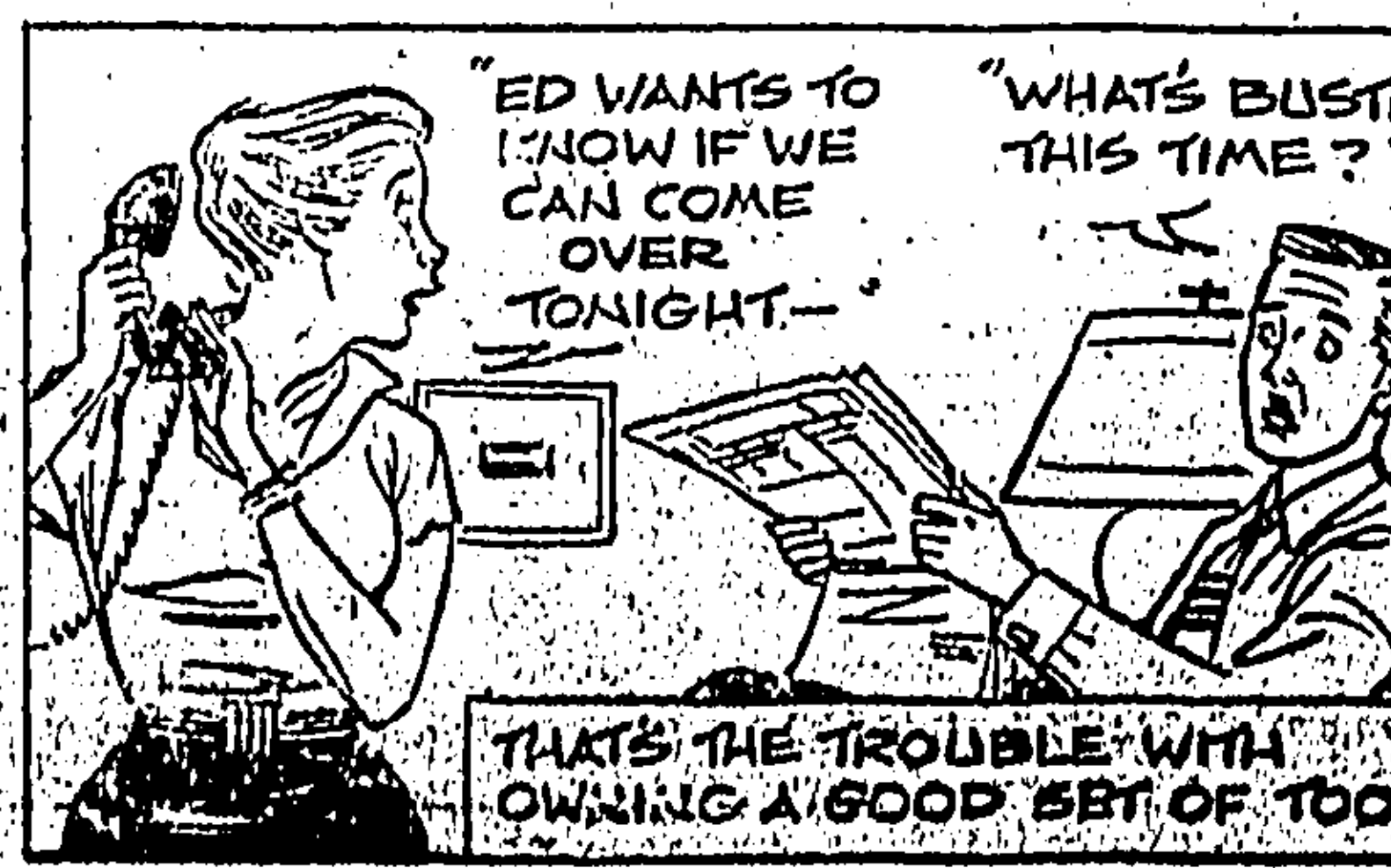
INVITATION TO LEARNING... HOW MUCH WORK THERE IS TO KEEPING A HOUSE FIT TO LIVE IN.



INVITATION TO REMEMBER THE DATE— BUT NO REFERENCE TO THE YEARS, PLEASE.



THE AWFUL MOMENTS WHEN EXCUSES ARE AS ELLUSIVE AS AN ARMFUL OF COAT-HANGERS



THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH OWNING A GOOD SET OF TOOLS.



INVITATION TO GET ON THE BALL AND CLEAN UP THE YARD—R.S.V.P. "RESPOND SMILING, VIGOROUSLY, PROMPTLY."



BE WISE— PLAY IT SAFE.

SILENT MAJOR SETS A UNIQUE (GOLF) BALL ROLLING...

By BOB FERRIER

Major William Dalton Henderson is a strong silent type with the mirthless smile of an Alan Ladd, from the strong, silent, and too often mirthless, world of high finance.

The gent is an industrial banker. He is also the big wheel behind what I reckon will be the most exciting new golf tournament since the war, the Bowmaker Pro-Amateur Invitational tournament, scheduled for the roster next summer.

The calculating major, former USAF pilot and a fugitive from San Francisco ("I married an English girl, I like life here, I like the education my children can get here, and I like being within a couple of hours of half a dozen countries") is no mean golfer himself.

Playing off next to nothing at Sunningdale, he won last year's Worpleston Fourstones with Mrs C. A. Abraham, of Westbury, and, if he had been born on this side of the water and taken, the whole thing just a little shade more seriously, he might well have found himself in a British Walker Cup team.

Now the coldly calculating mind has produced a tournament in which a threesome of professional, low amateur and medium amateur will play round the lovely Berkshire course together.

INTRIGUING

The professional will play his own ball for a total of £3,000 prize-money. He will also combine with the better ball of each amateur, in what should be an intriguing 36-hole event.

The professionals will include our Ryder Cup team, Henry Cotton, probably Peter Thomson, Locke, Player and the

best of Europe, plus the Americans booked for the Open Championship.

The low amateurs will include our Walker Cup team, to be chosen just before the Bowmaker event, and the medium amateurs will include the very best golfers in public life, from the elegant, green, variety and business worlds.

CROSBY HOPE

Invitations will shortly be going out to America's big three of show business—Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Darryl F. Zanuck. Phil Harris will get a gift card, too. Kenneth More, Laddie Lucas, Donald Peers, Stanley Meadows, Len Hutton, Bobby Nell, our gold-bright boxing hope, not to mention many a giant of industry, are on the major's mailing list, and the competition will certainly become a Tournament of Champions.

The whole thing is for charity, so make a note in that pin-foxy diary you have where—Berkshire Golf Club, Sunday and Monday, June 23 and 24.

And what a pity Louis Armstrong does not play golf!

(London Express Service.)

(COPYRIGHT)

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

SIXTH RACE MEETING

Tuesday 1st and Saturday 5th January, 1957.

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 18 RACES.

The First Bell will be rung at 11.30 a.m. and the First Race run at 12.00 Noon on the 1st Day. The Time Interval is after the Fourth Race (1.30 p.m.).

On the 2nd Day the First Bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 10.00 a.m. on the 1st Day and at 11.45 a.m. on the 2nd Day.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED. ALL MEMBERS MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road only on the written introduction of a Member, who will be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Timings will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

The 6th Floor is restricted to Members and Ladies wearing Lady's Breeches.

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years. Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$20.00 each for the 1st Day, \$10.00 each for the 2nd Day and \$30.00 each for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), and 5, D'Almeida Street during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Monday, 31st December, 1956, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from Subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Pearce Memorial Cup scheduled to be run on 28th January 1957, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS and TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER. NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENT WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Tac men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

BERLIN OLYMPIAD BELL DISCOVERED



The 15-ton bell of the Berlin 1936 Olympiad is pictured after its discovery by British soldiers, who searched intensively for it for a whole month. The bell was originally buried in the grounds of Berlin's Mafek Stadium, but records of its location were lost. It is to be presented to the Berlin Senate.—Express Photo.

Saints Face Acid Test In Tomorrow's Main Softball Attraction

By "TIME OUT"

Olly Vas' youthful Blackhawks will be facing their first hurdle tomorrow as they meet up with the Saints in the feature softball attraction at 11.30 a.m. In their past appearances the Hawks met tail-enders in their table and were easy victors in their three successive triumphs against no losses, but the clash against the veteran Saints will be the acid test for this fast-moving bunch of youngsters.

Kenneth Chun's HK Pandas, present League leaders in the Men's Senior "A" Division, will be out in strength to protect their clean slate against a new Navy outfit in the only other senior tussle slated. As local fans know, no two Navy teams are the same, for one week they turn out with an unbeatable squad and in the very next outing, a new ship moves in and a near "scrap" team is out at the park to protect the Navy's colours.

For the minor troopers, another big card is in the offing for no less than five games are slated for decisions this week, starting off this afternoon.

Fred Diesta's junior Dodgers, open the week's programme with a battle against the unpredictable South China while at the same time on the far diamond the rampaging Samcoles will be entertaining Mike Cooper's lads from the Services, the Austers. At 3.30 p.m., Mario Pereira's Cheyennes take on the Lion Cubs while tomorrow's curtain-raiser at 9.30 a.m. finds the War Eagles pitted against the Overseas.

In the only Senior "B" game featured on this week's card, the leading Dodgers cross bats with their closest rivals in the person of the Comets under the guiding hands of Romeo Hamet.

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Programmes and Entry Forms for the 7th Race Meeting 1956/57 to be held on Saturday 19th and Saturday 26th January, 1957, (weather permitting) may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House; the Club House, Happy Valley; and the Stables, Shan Kwong Road. Entries close at 12 o'clock NOON on Tuesday, 8th January, 1957.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.



Fans who flock out to the park tomorrow to witness the feature game at 11.30 a.m. between the Blackhawks and Saints will surely find it worth their while for both teams are of championship calibre and thrills will come by the dozen in this first clash of the season. By virtue of their clean slate and their slugging prowess, the youthful Hawks will be entering the field as favourites although their real strength against a top team has not yet been put to a test.

LOST PRESTIGE

Bimbi Abiong's Saints, for the first time tipped as the underdog, will be out in strength to regain lost prestige and maintain a pace that will keep them within striking reach of any Pennant contender.

Having lost both their games by costly errors in the final frames, mentor Abiong will surely call his best line to arms and blow the race wide open with a fast over this bunch of youths who are tipped to cop this year's Senior "A" title.

Castling all other sporting activities aside, the youthful Blackhawks will be having their full side out at the park for this key game. Undoubtedly, for this key game, Vic Pedruco will be called on for round duties as this pitcher can always be relied on in any predicament. Possessing no fancy deliveries in his repertoire, Vic Pedruco's masterful handling counts mainly on his ability to put a fast straight ball right where the batter is weak and with old-time catcher Reggie Mattos posted at the receiving end of this battery for the necessary guidance. Hawk Manager Vas has half the confidence of the team covered. The alright infield quartet features an array of young stars... routhpaw Frank Loureiro at the initial sock, a fence-busting youngster who is poison to all opposing hurlers, the impragable Nunes brothers Robert and Manuel at the keystone area, and ever-reliable Mico Gann at the hot corner. For fly-chasing chores in the outer pastures, the Hawks have left-handers Bidji Djabber and Tony Rodriguez, Johnny Pereira, Jerry, and Donel Romeo.

Of course, the main fault lies in the unsteady mitt of outfielder A. G. Ismail whose disastrous bungles in the outfield lower the Hawks' batting average.

Salida's medium-paced pitches are able to keep the Hawks big guns at bay? If he does, then a Saints' victory is assured but if he doesn't, then all is lost for he will be literally slammed out of the box.

Today's 2.00 p.m. Ground A S. China vs. Dodgers, Ground B Austers vs. Samcoles, 3.30 p.m. Ground A Lion Cubs vs. Cheyennes. Tomorrow: 9.30 a.m. Ground A Overseas vs. War Eagles, 11.30 a.m. Ground A Blackhawks vs. Saints, 1.30 p.m. Ground A Comets vs. Dodgers, 3.30 p.m. Ground A Pandas vs. U.S. Navy.



THIS AFTERNOON'S RUGGER

Hexangular Tournament Leaders Clash At Boundary Street

By "PAK LO"

For the second week running the Police and the Club clash, this time on the neutral ground of the Army at Boundary Street. This second meeting has come about due to the fact that we have now reached the half way stage in the Hexangular Tournament, and the various XV's will now begin to play each other for the second time. The above mentioned game kicks off at 3.00 p.m.

Incidentally all the fixtures are as scheduled, and have not been switched in order to avoid the Club and the Police playing twice in succession.

Following the Police-Club clash is a match on the same ground at 4.15 p.m. between the Navy, still well packed with the Kaniers, and Army South.

Army South and the Navy lead the Hexangular Table at this stage, each having seven Hexangular points, and this promises to be a battle royal for the leadership.

The RAF are away this week... well away... in fact they are away up at Sek Kong where they meet Army North at 4.15 p.m.

For those of you who want to watch the ponies and rugger at the same time there is a game at Happy Valley, with the kick-off scheduled for 3.30 p.m. between the Club "B" and HMS Newcastle "B".

The Club have made no changes in their line-up from last week although Valentine is a doubtful starter due to a knee injury and should he be declared unfit his position in the centre of the three will be filled by Ingils.

If the Club forwards get together today they will be able to give their halves a steady service, and the Club three have the power and speed to break through any defence to score. Beyond a tendency to run across field there is little wrong with the Club back division and they should score freely today.

The Police are a bit stronger this week with the return of Johnston to full back, thus releasing Scott and Lloyd to return to their usual positions. Stevens also returns to the three line after a short absence due to injury, but despite this apparent strengthening of the Police backs their passing is too indifferent for them to have much hope of overcoming the Club, no matter whether their forwards again outline the Club or not.

ARMY SOUTH v. NAVY

In the other game at Boundary Street neither side has made a change and on paper the Army South should get the larger share of the ball from the set, scrums, but lately the edge seems to have gone from Barker's booting, while Thorpe, his opposite number, is slowly improving.

In the lineouts and loose there is little to choose from with the Army probably showing the better showing in the lineouts and the Navy shining in the loose.

all Bimbi needs to steer his team back into the picture with an upset win over the high-flying Hawks.

MAIN FAULT

Of course, the main fault lies in the unsteady mitt of outfielder A. G. Ismail whose disastrous bungles in the outfield lower the Hawks' batting average. Salida's medium-paced pitches are able to keep the Hawks big guns at bay? If he does, then a Saints' victory is assured but if he doesn't, then all is lost for he will be literally slammed out of the box.

SCHEDULE

Today: 2.00 p.m. Ground A S. China vs. Dodgers, Ground B Austers vs. Samcoles, 3.30 p.m. Ground A Lion Cubs vs. Cheyennes. Tomorrow: 9.30 a.m. Ground A Overseas vs. War Eagles, 11.30 a.m. Ground A Blackhawks vs. Saints, 1.30 p.m. Ground A Comets vs. Dodgers, 3.30 p.m. Ground A Pandas vs. U.S. Navy.

the loose. It should therefore devolve on the backs, and it is here that the Navy has the advantage, for their backs feed their wings steadily and are always capable of cutting through in the centre if there is a gap while the Army South are still too much a series of individualists who do not pass quick enough to their wings, preferring to hang on to the ball in the hope of finding an opening. Against the fast and hard tackling of the Navy, three this will probably turn out to be a fatal error and the Navy should win.

RAF v. ARMY NORTH

In the game at Sek Kong RAF are without Fraser in the centre of their three and without him the attacking potentiality of the backs is weakened.

Weekes, who drops back, is good but he does not have the understanding with Comah that Fraser had nor, though he is by no means a weak link, does he have the ability that Fraser showed throughout his term here.

As a result the RAF three will not be breaking through the centre quite so much and will probably pin their hopes on Hope who is improving steadily on the wing.

Elsewhere into the pack in place of Weekes, and this week the Alrmen's pack should improve over their showing of last week. The last time these two teams met the result was drawn, but with the RAF forwards looking the more dangerous the RAF will be out to improve on their record.

Army North have made two changes from the team originally scheduled to play last week with the inclusion of Broadhead and Combs. The Army North's weakness at present lies in their halves where Turnbull can be either brilliant or very very poor.

If he repeats last week's effort the RAF will walk it, but if he is back to form the Army North three, who are very dangerous in attack, will win this game easily for their side.

Since it is unusual to have only one day off form it is more than likely that Turnbull will again disappoint, in which case it looks like a narrow win for the RAF. Another draw would not be out of place here either.

Of the Club "B" game little can be said as the names of the opponents mean nothing, but the Club "B" is fairly strong today, and should win, especially as their three seem to be settling down. They will, of course, be young and inexperienced, but with Wiggett at scrum half they have a good chance of the victor's laurels.

TODAY'S TEAMS

Police: Johnston, Booth, Scott, Stevens, O'Brien, Lloyd, Lewis, Dumfries, Cunningham, Brown, Miller, Forsythe, Walker, How, M. Miller.

Club: Valentine, Saller, Cheong, Lloyd, Stevens, O'Brien, Young, Williams, Moffat, Edgar, Miller, Graham, Penman, Wright, Gault.

Navy: Kay, Lloyd, Spencer, Newton, McHugh, Baklan, Corner, Selwyn, Thorpe, Stevens, Barker, Reid, Blake, Berr, Johnson.

Army South: Barker, Penman, Kay, Berr, Owen-Smith, Thomas, Thomas, Cross, Barker, de Cossart, Robinson, Barber, Hoops, Phipps, Bury.

Army North: Pritchard, Wensley, Gould, Wyle, Williams, Heyner, Turnbull, Crabbe, Southgate.

Combs, Broadhead, Harriott, Green, Hagg, Thompson, Walker, Cornish, Brown, Reid, Macpherson, Southwell, Wilkison, Watt, Herman, Chai, Moody-Jones, Elms, Tait.

OLD FRIEND IN TOWN

Now another snippet of news, I have just heard that E. C. Carter, known to his friends as "Mick", has arrived in the Colony on route to Australia.

Mick Carter was one of the original donors of the well-known Blarney Shield, which is competed for annually by Sevens from the various Clubs, the proceeds always going to various charities.

It is hoped that Mr Carter will be able to spare the time to come along and see how the Club has fared since his day, and though it is not expected that he will admit that they are better than "they used to be" he will see a good game.

SPORTS QUIZ

So you thought you followed sport pretty closely in 1956? Try these simple questions.

1. What was the score in the England - Australia Test series?
2. Who won the gold medal for figure skating for women in the Winter Olympics?
3. Where were the winter Olympics held?
4. Where were the equestrian events for the Olympics held?
5. Who won the women's singles at Wimbledon?
6. Which of the four world major men's singles titles, Wimbledon, French, American and Australian, were won by Lew Hoad?
7. Who won the other one?
8. Which world cricket record was set up in July?
9. Which world titles did the following win during the year: 1. Ogmura, F. Patterson, Mario D'Agata?
10. Who won the Boat Race? Answers See Page 17.

By The Wayside

After a season and a half in the Birmingham Works League, Uffolme FC. have had to give up because of National Service calls, injuries and business appointments away from the Midlands. They leave behind this record: Played 28, lost 38, goals for 31, goals against 334.

Lighter Than Flies

Ceylon's delegate to the International Boxing Federation, has suggested that a new weight division for 7 1/2 lbs. be introduced at the next Olympic Games. He thinks, on the basis of such athletes as Japan and Slam, would benefit. Incidentally, he casually announced that the best boxer in Ceylon weighed only 7st. 2lbs!



WORLD OF SPORTS

Sponge Is Very Bad For Table Tennis, Says Ferenc Sido

By DEREK JOHN

Have you ever played a violin with a rubber bow? The effect, according to Ferenc Sido, is about the same as playing table tennis with a sponge bat.

Sido, Hungary's 33-year-old No. 1 player who shares with Victor Barna, also Hungarian-born, the honour of being the only player to win the Triple Crown at the World Championships, the singles, doubles and mixed doubles in 1933, is in England with Hungarian teammates Lazlo Foldi and Eva Kozelcan.

Sido was quick to criticise sponge when we met at the finals of an English tournament. Through an interpreter, and speaking in German, he told me: "Sponge is very bad for table tennis. It makes bad matches."

One argument in favour of sponge was that it would help to do away with time limit matches. But, says Sido, there are just as many "rubbies" with sponge as with rubber. At last, one point in the sponge controversy seems to be universally accepted. That is that only players who cannot play against it adopt sponge. That is Sido's own view, and one that is consistently aired in Britain.

And the motive behind moves to ban the sponge is exactly the same in Hungary as in Britain. "Sponge is keeping the public away from tournament finals and internationals."

Sido's tour party plan to return to Hungary some time in 1957. All have families at home, and they have been given permission to extend what was to have been a short tour, and to stay abroad until things quieten down at home.

HUNGARIAN ACE

The Hungarian ace would not be drawn into a political discussion. When asked whether the presence at home of relatives had anything to do with his and his teammates' desire to go back, he answered: "No. You are English, I am Hungarian. Hungary, like England to you, is my home. My opinion of the Russians is my own, and one that I will not discuss with anyone. But even if all Hun-

garians wanted to emigrate it would not be humanly possible. Politics, insists Sido, do not mix with sport.

He was much happier when talking of his forthcoming tour of Europe, and his training for the various championships, which will be started in Britain. Training at home, explains Sido, is impossible at the moment.

Sido, a Ministry of Agriculture (State) kept goal for a Budapest First Division soccer club, and has also represented his country at Volleyball. Lazlo Foldi, the 22-year-old defensive player, can count among his victims. An heads the Czech star, is a civil clerk with the Hungarian Police. Eva Kozelcan, a factory stenographer.

All three are training for their Continental tour which takes them to Holland from January 19 to 20, Germany until February 8, and then on to the Belgian Open and French Open. For the two last-named events the team will be reinforced from Budapest and the complete team goes on to Stockholm for the World Championships in March.

The team will return to England for the English Open at Wimbledon in April.

FAST BOWLER

England's fast bowler Frank Tyson bowled over an entire congregation in the Johannesburg Central Congregational church week-end.

Somewhat sheepishly he entered the pulpit to preach the last sermon of his career and what a good job he made of it.

It was a message of goodwill to all that he gave and in it he made several references to cricket.

"It was very, very good to hear," said one old lady. The pity was that not one of the South African Test players heard him. They might have gained quite a different idea of the benevolent Frank as opposed to the typhoon they expect on the cricket field.

What a pleasure to read of an ex-sportsman who refuses to rush in on his name. In these days of highly commercialised sport, with too many of those who take part out for every penny they can get, Harold Larwood sets a shining example to the prima donnas of the world's sporting arenas.

For six years now, Larwood, of the bodyline bowling, has lived in Australia, where his name was once the most hated. He has long since lived down those black and bitter memories of probably the biggest sporting controversy in history.

In fact Larwood says, "I am almost an Aussie now."

Larwood, whose train compartment was once invaded by hooligans, Larwood, the man who once went home with a never-healed broken foot; Larwood, the man on whom every

kind of indignity and abuse was heaped after wrecking Australia's last job—Bradman, Woodfull, Pontford—now lives a quiet life in his small bungalow home in Kingsford, a Sydney suburb.

He works as a checker-in of jobs, transporting soft drinks throughout New South Wales. Bizarre that he was a night watchman.

LUCRATIVE OFFER

For Larwood, greying, bepectated, but still with the same slow smile and quiet unassuming manner, turned down a £40 to £50 a week job with an oil company, and a usually lucrative offer from a wine and spirit firm. Both would have meant having anything to do with gimmicks. The refusal by this MCC member to be commercialised will be praised by true sportsmen everywhere.

One person who wants to see the such barrier between amateur and professional tennis lifted is Sir Norman Brookes, former President of the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia.

Sir Norman feels open tournaments between amateurs and professionals would create great public interest.

"There is no reason," says Sir Norman, "why tennis players cannot compete together as golfers do. There should be no taint on professional players. If amateurs and professional tennis groups continue to fight each other, they can only harm the game."

I suggest the English LTA, and in particular the All-England Club at Wimbledon, should take due note of these sensible remarks.

—(London Express Service). (COPYRIGHT)

MILITARY LAW LOOKS TYPE FOR 2,000 GUINEAS

By JAMES PARK

Military Law and Ennis are the only colts in the 9 st. division in the Free Handicap still to be dealt with. In the first half of the season I would not have cared to back anything to beat them in a test of speed. Military Law did not quite fulfil expectations in the autumn, but Ennis kept his form well.

The notion I have about Military Law is purely personal and one with which trainer Jack Waugh may not agree. This magnificent looking colt was a bit hot in the early days of the season and always wanted to be showing off. He wore a fringed leather noseband as it was said he was liable to throw his head about in wet weather. He also ran in ankle boots which suggested he was liable to rap himself.

PLENTY OF DASH

He had an extravagant action and I have little doubt the trainer was anxious to get his charge to settle down. With a view to doing so I fancy the colt was restrained in his work and kept in behind his galloping companions. That appeared to be a success as the colt did not pull so hard in the two races he had in the autumn.

The different training methods—if I am correct in assuming they were adopted—seemed to rob Military Law of his natural speed. There was plenty of dash when he was just beaten first time out at Royal Ascot and at Sandown he was pulling over the opposition all the way. There was nothing like the same sparkle when he ran in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster and the Middle Park Stakes at Newmarket.

GRAND STAMP

On those occasions he was steadily ridden, but there was little in the way of acceleration when he was asked to beat himself. In each race he just kept on at one pace in the final furlong and it was not good enough. It seemed to me the colt had lost some of the fine speed he had shown in his first two races.

If he winters well, Military Law will be a grand stamp of three-year-old. He ought to stay a mile as he is by Court Martial out of a French-bred mare whose pedigree is check full of staying blood. If he can regain some of his former speed, Military Law should be just

the type for the 2,000 Guineas. He is not in the Derby.

WORTH SEEING

Ennis could well have been a challenger for premier position in the Free Handicap if he had not run at Royal Ascot. Shindles Hotel loved with him that day and I can only think that for some reason Ennis was a little below par. That was his only defeat. He had won four races prior to Royal Ascot and after winning at Goodwood wound up for the season by beating Matador in the Nunthorpe Stakes at York.

That was a race worth going a long way to see. Ennis ripped off its front and it was not long before Matador was put under pressure. Steadily the three-year-old closed the gap and there was no more than half a length between them with a furling to go.

DRIVING FINISH

It came as a surprise to find the two-year-old holding his own in a driving finish and the camera showed he still had a few inches to spare at the winning post.

All sorts of going came alike to Ennis but as he is bred purely on sprinting lines he is unlikely to be asked to race beyond six furlongs. In that department he should be a contender for the championship and it was a wise policy to retire him after that terrific duel at York.

—(London Express Service).

Answers To Sports Quiz

- 2-1 with two drawn.
- Tenly Albright.
- Cortina, Italy.
- Stockholm.
- Shirley Fry.
- Wimbledon. French and Australian.
- Ken Rosewall.
- Nineteen wickets in a Test match by Jim Laker.
- World men's singles table tennis title, heavyweight boxing title, and bantamweight title.
- Cambridge.

Sports Diary

TODAY

Soccer
Div. 1: St. Joseph's v. Kitchener (Club) 3.30 p.m.; RAF v. South China (Club) 3.30 p.m.; CAA v. Club (BS) 3.30 p.m.

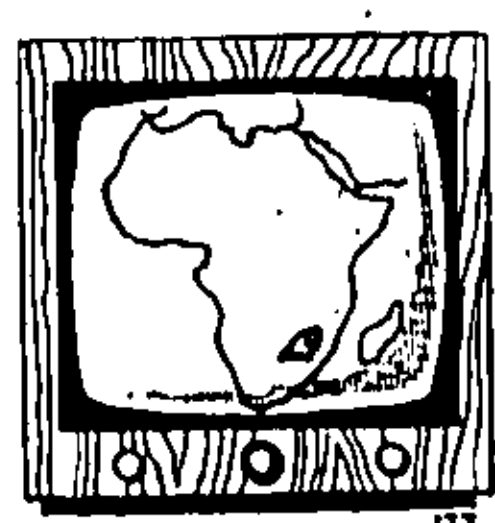
Reserve Div.: RAF v. South China (Club) 2 p.m.; CAA v. Club (BS) 2 p.m.
Div. 2: Dockyard v. Jardines (Club) 2 p.m.; RAF v. Sai Wan (HV) 2.15 p.m.; HAMC v. REMC (HV) 2.15 p.m.; B & S v. CMB (HV) 3.45 p.m.

Div. 3: Dodwell's v. RLL (HV) 2.15 p.m.; Tanar v. Rediffusion (HV) 3.45 p.m.; AFS v. Hollandia (HV) 3.45 p.m.

Cricket
Div. 3: KCC Waipa v. Army South; KGV v. DSB; BIC v. KCC Horowaka; Dockyard v. Navy; Army North v. Boro; University "B" v. RAF; Police v. University "A".

Rugby
Hexagonal Tournament: Club v. Police (HS) 3 p.m.; Navy v. Army (BS) 4.10 p.m.; Army North v. RAF (Sok Kong) 4.10 p.m.

Hockey
Sixth Race Meeting at Happy Valley (Second Day).



NAMESAKES

INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the spaces against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?

1 Besieged town
2 Hot country
3 Irregular fighters
4 Battle
5 Settlers
6 Not a Monarchist

Solution on Back Page

BE SPECIFIC

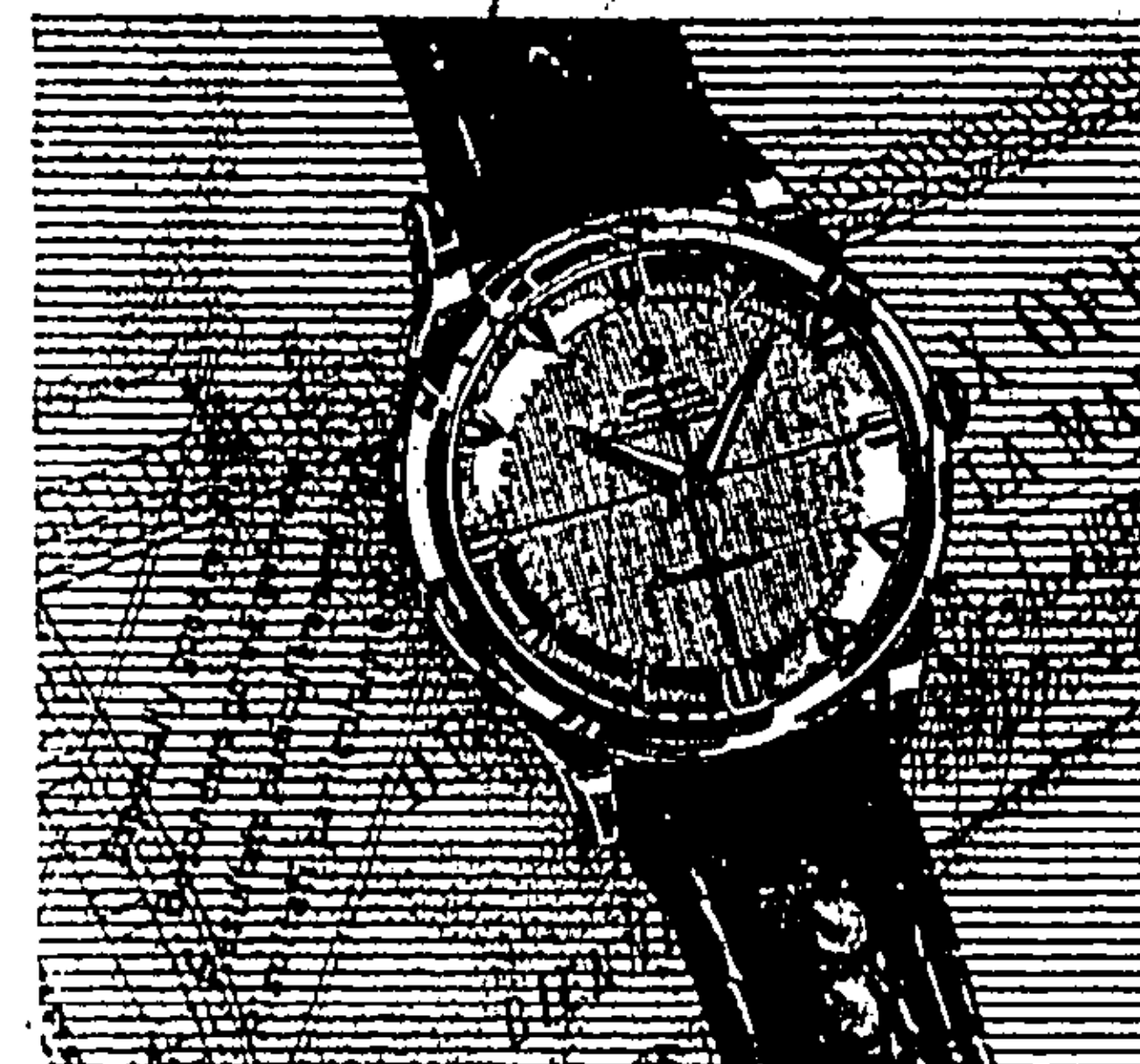
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THE GAMBOLS by Barry Appleby

1. I expect Gags will have been busy with the housework today.
2. Tired, dear? Shall we go out somewhere? (NO THANK YOU)
3. I SPENT THE WHOLE DAY IN THE KITCHEN TO DAY.
4. I HAVE ENJOYED IT.
5. I THINK I'VE SPRAINED MY ANKLE!
6. WELL, DON'T MAKE A FUSS, REST IT FOR AN HOUR OR TWO.
7. MY ANKLE'S SWOLLEN!
8. YOU'RE IMAGINING IT!
9. I PHONED ME GO! CALLED A—NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT—SHE'S SLOWLY SMALL BONE IN HER FOOT!
10. BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOU'D HURT YOURSELF?

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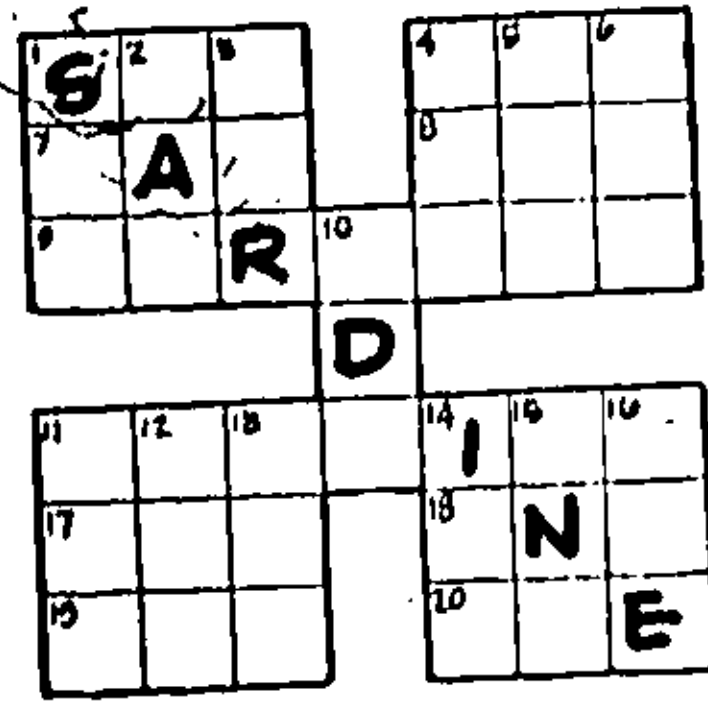
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FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS ★ ★ ★

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD

Cartoonist Cal has lettered in the parts of a fish to give you some help with the crossword puzzle.



HIDDEN FISH

The Puzzlemaster has hidden a fish in each of these sentences. Can you find them? The carpenter finished the job early. He's now hating and hating. The last spike used in the railroad track was made of gold. In the ship's bow, a hooded figure could be seen.

MIXED-UP FISH

Each of these strange lines is a fish. Find them by rearranging the letters: DEN FLOUR, KALE SON GUM, JAM BACKER.

FISH REBUS

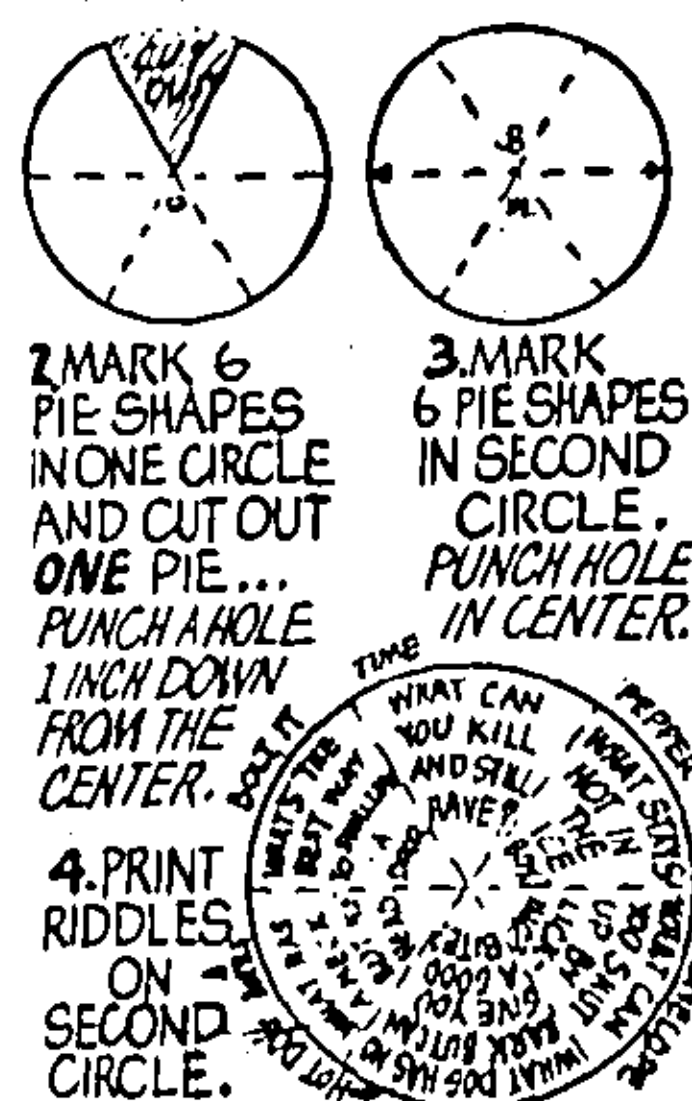
If you use the words and pictures correctly, you'll have no trouble finding the four fishes hidden in this rebus:



(Solutions On Page 20)

HOW MAKE A MAGIC TO WHEEL

1. CUT 2 INCH CIRCLES FROM THIN CARDBOARD.



2. MARK 6 PIE SHAPES IN ONE CIRCLE AND CUT OUT ONE PIE... PUNCH HOLE IN CENTER.

3. MARK 6 PIE SHAPES IN SECOND CIRCLE AND CUT OUT ONE PIE... PUNCH HOLE IN CENTER.

4. PRINT RIDDLES ON SECOND CIRCLE.

5. NOTCH EDGE OF CIRCLE WITH RIDDLES ON IT SO YOU CAN REMEMBER WHICH RIDDLE IS BEING LOOKED AT.

6. PUT CIRCLES TOGETHER WITH A PAPER FASTENER.

7. MONITOR RIDDLES AND ANSWERS. LEARN WHICH RIDDLES ARE EASY AND WHICH ARE HARD. NOW PUT ON A BUNDOLE.

8. WHAT CAN YOU KILL AND STILL LIVE? TIME!

9. WHAT CAN YOU KILL AND STILL LIVE? TIME!

10. WHAT CAN YOU KILL AND STILL LIVE? TIME!

11. WHAT CAN YOU KILL AND STILL LIVE? TIME!

12. WHAT CAN YOU KILL AND STILL LIVE? TIME!

13. WHAT CAN YOU KILL AND STILL LIVE? TIME!

14. WHAT CAN YOU KILL AND STILL LIVE? TIME!

15. WHAT CAN YOU KILL AND STILL LIVE? TIME!

16. WHAT CAN YOU KILL AND STILL LIVE? TIME!

17. WHAT CAN YOU KILL AND STILL LIVE? TIME!

18. WHAT CAN YOU KILL AND STILL LIVE? TIME!

He found a place in his heart for children and friendless animals. Gene's Menagerie

If you had been living in Amherst, Massachusetts, about ninety years ago, you might have known a boy by the name of Eugene Field. In that old New England town everyone called him Gene. He lived happily there with his Aunt Mary, his cousin Mary, and his younger brother Roswell, whom he called "Kosy."

Gene was not very old when his love for pets first showed itself. One day, while on a walk for wild flowers with Cousin Mary, he came upon a small snapping turtle. Gene found it so curious and fascinating that he brought it home with him.

This was his first animal and it was to become the start of a very large collection. The next was a stray cat that Gene felt sorry for. He was sure it was looking for a comfortable place to stay, so he gave it a room in the hayloft of Aunt Mary's barn.

That cat must have known how fond Gene was of animals, for it wasn't long before it presented him with three lively kittens. Gene's menagerie had started to grow.

When Aunt Mary's good friend, the Deacon, gave the boys six baby chicks, Gene gave each one a name — "Kinniken," "Minniken," "Winniken," "Dumpe," "Poog," and "Boog."

He taught them to answer certain whistles, and each learned to make a special noise when it was called.

Gene was still hunting for more animals. In a hollow oak stump one of his friends showed him two baby squirrels — tiny orphans. Gene wanted to bring them home, but Cousin Mary put her foot down and said "NO!" quite decisively.

Gene should have listened, but he loved those squirrels so much that he couldn't bear to leave them behind. He slipped them in his pockets, took them home and hid them in his room.

One morning Cousin Mary told Aunt Mary she was sure she had seen mice in the house. "Gene lost no time. He ran up to his room and opened the window. Later, when he re-

turned in the afternoon, he found that the squirrels had run away without even waiting to say goodbye.

About a week later a kind-hearted gentleman presented Gene with a mole. The boy put it in his bureau drawer. He liked to watch it feel its way around with its funny little nose.

BY THIS TIME, Gene had so many pets that folks in the town began to call his collection "Gene's Menagerie."

An important new addition was Dooley, a dog that looked as if it had never had a bath in its life. When Gene found him, Dooley was so dirty and dirty that the boy knew he would have to be cleaned up thoroughly before he would be received in good society.

Gene rushed for some soap and water and gave the dog a hard scrubbing that he had never given himself. To make Dooley more attractive to Aunt Mary, he sprinkled plenty of his aunt's perfume over the dog's clean, furry coat.

When Aunt Mary discovered how much her nephew loved Dooley, she hadn't the heart to send him away.

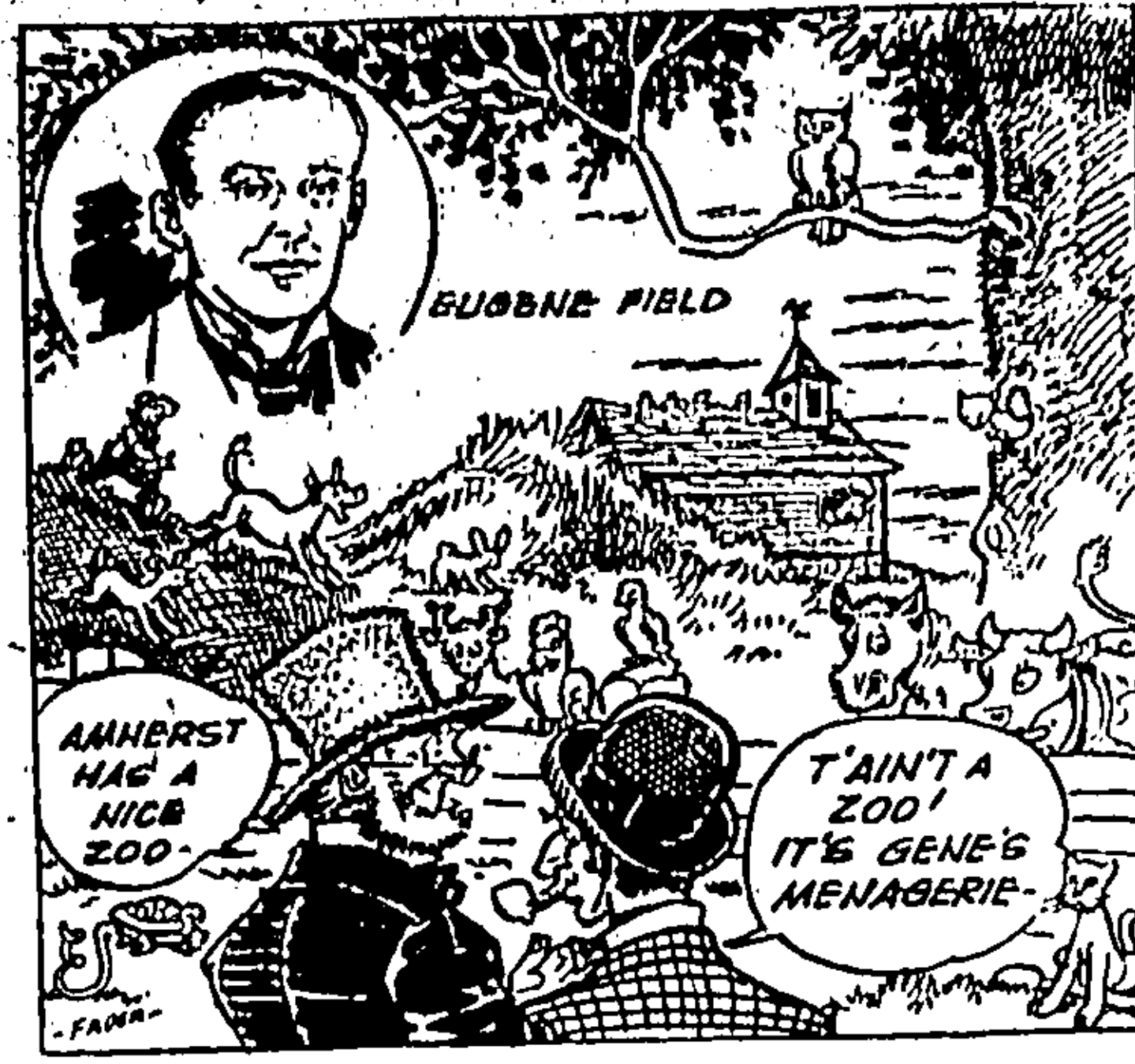
One time, when he was running his popular column

"Shatps and Flats" in a Chicago paper, Eugene Field told of how lonely his home had become because his little fox terrier, Jessie, had run away. He was sure Jessie was an educated dog, for, he wrote, "We have tried our poems on Jessie, and she always liked them—leastwise she wagged her tail approvingly."

Almost all boys and girls have become fond of Eugene Field's poems. In his writing, Field seemed to know just how to please children. "Wynken, Blynken and Nod," "The Sugar Plum Tree," "The Night Wind," and "Little Boy Blue"—these and many more of his poems are popular with young folks and grown-ups alike.

Today a statue of this beloved writer stands in a Chicago park. The penicils of thousands of children helped to erect it. It is a very impressive memorial to the man who found a place in his heart for so many children and friendless animals.

—VINCENT EDWARDS



LATER Gene was sent away to school. He was a bright boy, always good-humored and full of fun.

When he grew up, he worked on newspapers in St. Louis, Denver, and Chicago. He became celebrated for his wit and brilliant writing.

But wherever he lived, he always had pets about. It seemed his heart always went out to some forlorn stray animal.

One time, when he was running his popular column

"Shatps and Flats" in a Chicago paper, Eugene Field told of how lonely his home had become because his little fox terrier, Jessie, had run away. He was sure Jessie was an educated dog, for, he wrote, "We have tried our poems on Jessie, and she always liked them—leastwise she wagged her tail approvingly."

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—VINCENT EDWARDS

How People Hide Their Money—Only To Lose It

PEOPLE do queer things with money. Some stuff it in the rafters in the attic where it is chewed by termites. Some tuck it away in cupboard or dresser drawers for the mice to nibble on.

And some people would rather trust their bank notes in the furnace in the summertime than to put them in a bank, never thinking that someone is apt to start a fire there without knowing of the precious contents.

Others have put their faith — and a fat roll of bills — in an old shoe and buried the shoe in the back yard. They've been surprised to find after six months that the money was completely decayed.

And then there are the purely accidental ways of losing one's cash. It is not an uncommon occurrence to



have bills go through washing machines in the pocket of someone's garment.

One farmer had the misfortune to lose a sizable bankroll by letting it fall into a bucket of mash given to the family cow, who ate it in good faith. Only the fact that she was worth much more than the \$70 she swallowed kept her from being slaughtered for the contents of her stomach.

And just last summer a Pennsylvania farmer had to open 406 bales of hay before he recovered his wallet containing \$490, lost while baling the hay.

But however careless people may be with their money in the States, the U. S. Treasury is ready and willing to help them restore it, if they are lucky enough to find the pieces.

Eighteen young women, trained experts in their field, work in the Currency Redemption Division of the Treasury, using pins, tweezers, magnifying glasses, anything that can help them identify money which has been destroyed by hatch treatment.

Enough fragments must be assembled to identify a bill before the Treasury pays off, and after these have been identified and recorded, they are completely destroyed and a new bill issued.

These women placed together \$2,800 out of \$3,000 worth of bills which another farmer lost out of his pocket while ploughing, and which for twelve months "was buried" in the ground. If you money, he had received for the sale of corn, a partly decayed paper which the Currency Redemption people got it out by working painstakingly. They were able to salvage most of it.

What do the people in the department of the Treasury do with the money they find? They give it to the farmer who lost it. If the farmer is dead, they give it to his heirs. If the farmer is still alive, they give it to him. If the farmer is still alive, they give it to him. If the farmer is still alive, they give it to him.

JACK'S PREDICAMENT

—Getting Into His House Was A Tight Squeeze—

By MAX TRELL

"I've got all kinds of strange people," said Christopher Cricket to Knart and Hanid, the shadow children with the turned-about names.

"I meet them late at night when everyone in the house is fast asleep."

Christopher was sitting comfortably on a brick at the edge of the fireplace with four or five of his legs crossed over. He felt very comfortable with his legs crossed.

"For instance," he went on, "there's my friend Jenny Squeak."

Knart and Hanid looked at Christopher with surprise.

"Jenny Squeak?" said Knart. "Who is she?" asked Hanid.

"Oh I don't suppose you've ever seen her," said Christopher, smiling. "She's sort of thin and jumpy with short black hair. She lives in different places around the house."

Knart and Hanid wanted to know what different places around the house Jenny Squeak lived.

"Most of the time," said Christopher, "she lives in door hinges but she also lives in new shoes and table drawers."

"I'm sure you're often heard her. She's got a very squeaky voice."

"Oh yes, we've heard her all right," said Hanid.

"And then," said Christopher, "there's my friend Jerry Bang."



Jack surprised Cricket by jumping out of his box.

"What's he like?" asked Knart.

"He's like a burnt-out matchstick," said Christopher, "but hardly anyone ever sees him. He lives in pots and pans and loose shutters and broken gates."

"You always hear him when the dinner is being cooked and late at night when the wind is blowing."

Knart and Hanid said they had both heard Jerry Bang lots of times.

"Has he got a cousin named Slam Bang?" Hanid asked.

"Why, yes," said Christopher, "how did you know? Slam Bang lives indoors."

"But one of the strangest people I ever met lives in a box."

"Did he like it?" Hanid wanted to know.

Christopher Cricket shook his head.

"At first he did but when he discovered that the children didn't even know where he was, and that he was about to be thrown out, he quickly changed his mind about staying out of his own box. But he had quite a job getting himself back again. I had to squeeze him in and jump on the top of the box before he could get it closed again. For Jack."

Knart wondered what Jack was thinking about all the time he was in the box.

Christopher Cricket shook his head and said he didn't know.

"I guess I'd feel happy, too, if I had to stay squeezed up in a little box all day long."

Knart said he felt very sorry for Jack-in-the-box.

He Doesn't Mind

"Oh," he doesn't mind it too much," said Christopher. "But he does enjoy stretching himself out and then, when he's all stretched out, he says, 'I guess I'd feel happy, too, if I had to stay squeezed up in a little box all day long.'"

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400K\$ WHO

A GOOD TEAM OF ARCTIC SLED DOGS PUSHED BY AN EXPERT DRIVER CAN COVER 100 MILES IN A DAY WITH A LIGHT LOAD.

BEEES MUST POLLINATE ABOUT 75,000 CLOVER BUZZARDS FOR EVERY POUND OF CLOVERSEED PRODUCED.

Big Bear's Map

AN ELEPHANT'S HEART MAY HAVE A CIRCUMFERENCE OF 10 FEET AND WEIGH ABOUT 60 POUNDS.

Big Bear's Map

Big Bear's Map

Big Bear's Map

Big Bear's Map

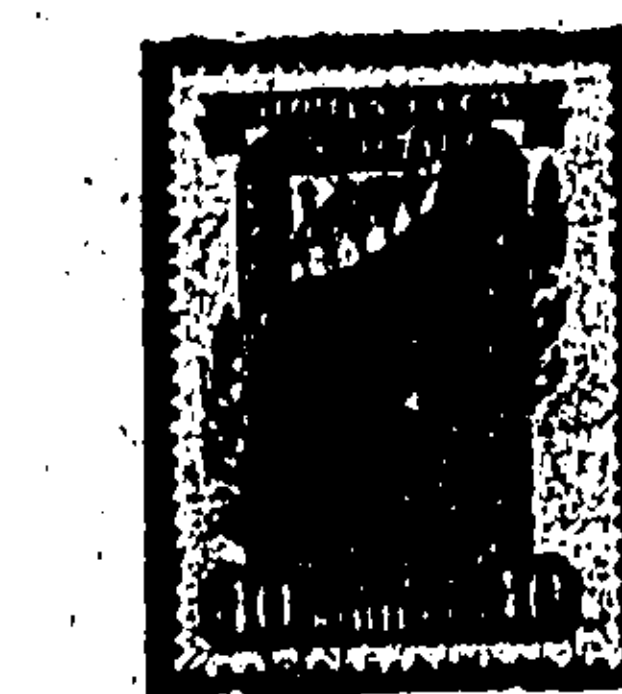
"SKY DIVING" ILLUSTRATED IN RUSSIAN STAMP

WHEN you are flying half a mile up in a plane, a circle 180 ft in diameter looks small enough marked out in white on the ground. But such a circle is the target for the parachutists who excel at their sport. And this breath-taking hobby is the subject of a new stamp issued by Russia.

The Soviet Union is credited with introducing mass paratroops as part of regular army training. But the contests held at Moscow last August were more highly specialised events in which the 180 ft circle was the target for only one set of jumpers.

Nine countries took part—America, Russia, France, Israel, Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary, Poland, and Czechoslovakia. There were jumps from 1,800 ft, 4,500 ft and a delayed drop in which the jumper goes down for 20 seconds before opening the parachute.

But most thrilling of all was the jump from 6,000 ft with a delay of 30 seconds. In this downward rush, the jumper is expected to glide through two figures of eight before pulling the parachute release cord.



The "sky dive" Russian stamp is perforated 12, printed by the litho process and costs 1/6d. in London.—J.A.A.

Know Your Face?

WANT to know what sort of a face you have?

Get a ruler, stand in front of a mirror, hold your head erect, then place the ruler straight up and down against your chinbone.

If the ruler does not touch either the temple or earbone, your face is round. If the ruler touches both the temple and earbone, your face is oval. If the ruler touches only the temple, your face is heart-shaped. If the ruler touches only the earbone, your face is square.

Now, hold the ruler horizontally across your forehead. If the ruler touches the hairline, your face is long. If the ruler does not touch the hairline, your face is short.

Now, hold the ruler diagonally across your face. If the ruler touches the hairline and the earbone, your face is diamond-shaped. If the ruler touches the hairline and the temple, your face is triangle-shaped. If the ruler touches the earbone and the temple, your face is square.

Now, hold the ruler vertically against your chin. If the ruler touches the chinbone, your face is round. If the ruler does not touch the chinbone, your face is oval. If the ruler touches the chinbone and the earbone, your face is heart-shaped. If the ruler touches the chinbone and the temple, your face is square.

Rupert and the Old Chimney—22



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